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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 17, 1973, 50 cents

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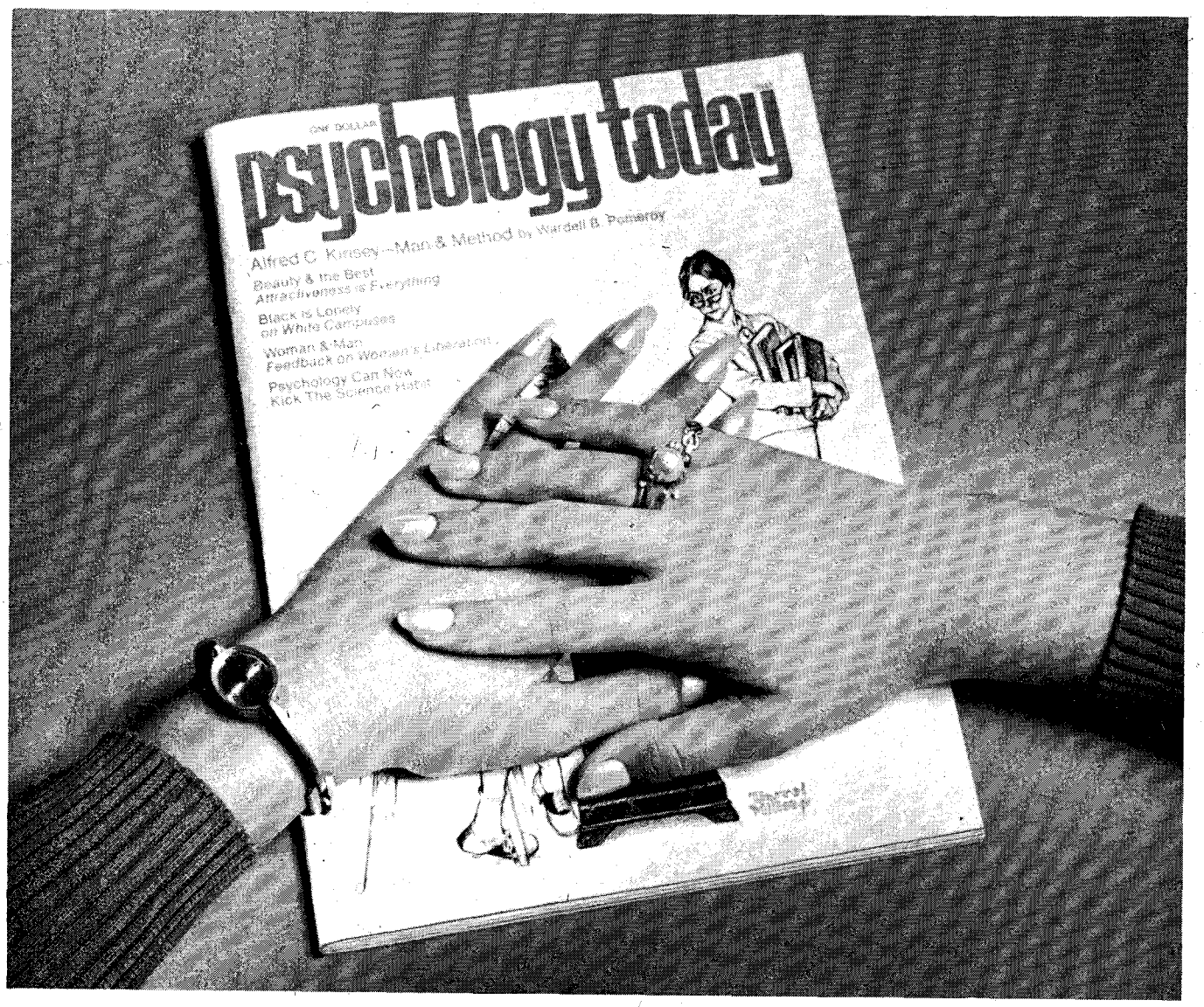

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TRB

from Washington
November 17, 1973

Improbabilities

There is an ingenious way by which the United States could hold a special election next year to pick a new President and a new Vice President. It would require no constitutional amendment. It would require no ratification by the states. It would not violate the purpose of the Founding Fathers, for they actually suggested it. It would require a simple majority vote of Senate and House, and the resignation of President Nixon.

Three most eminent students of the Constitution, Paul A. Freund, Abram Chayes and Raoul Berger, all professors of constitutional law at Harvard, vouch for the scheme which they assert was the intention of the men who devised our government. The founders recommended a special presidential election when and if the offices of President and Vice President became simultaneously vacant. The plan has a name, the Act of 1792, and it was the law of the land for nearly 100 years until Congress superseded it with a new system and a line of succession through the Cabinet. Congress could restore the earlier mechanism any time.

When parliamentary governments get themselves into the kind of mess we are in now they hold a special election. It clears the air. Canada would have settled this Watergate scandal two months ago, and by now gone on to something else. We, alone among great democracies, have no fire escape—except impeachment. We must let the building burn for three years. If we aren't a crisp by then we can have a new election. Why not now?

How did we get into this horror? It was bound to happen, sooner or later; it was the juxtaposition of built-in rigidities plus several transient circumstances that happened to come all at the same time. The built-in features, of course, are fixed terms for President, separation of powers, and the arrangement whereby the President holds two jobs: head of government and head of state. He's a prime minister and monarch rolled into one. Parliamentary governments separate the two offices. In America if you denounce Mr. Nixon as a politician (head of government) a lot of people take offense because they think of him as a kind of sovereign (head of state). Blunt questions thrown at him at a press conference are lese majesty.

The system has worked pretty well. It has made us the oldest and one of the most stable republics on earth. But along came 1972 with its strange sequence of events. First of all Mr. Nixon won a landslide, but Democrats won Congress so that, under the separation of powers, rival parties face each other. Next came Watergate. (There have been scandals before, like Teapot Dome, but Harding conveniently died and we immediately got Coolidge, Mr. Clean. Now we have a suspect President for three years.)

Then there was Agnew, and then the Middle East war. That sent a shiver through a lot of us; maybe the worldwide military alert, including airplanes with nuclear bombs, was justified, but we haven't had it explained yet, and it recalled that the American President, unlike any one man in Moscow or Peking, can order the bombs dropped in his role as commander-in-chief. He is under pressure, and has a reputation for long-shot chances.

On September 7, 1787, it was moved in the Philadelphia convention that the national legislature designate by law which officer of the United States would act as President in case of vacancies of both President and Vice President. James Madison (the quiet-voiced man called "Jemmy" by friends) objected, on the grounds that it would prevent filling the vacancy by a special election. On his motion the body changed the language to read "until such Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected." The language is there today (Article 2, Section 1, Clause 6).

Madison was a member of the Second Congress which enacted the Succession Act (March 1, 1972) implementing this provision. Here is the way the three constitutional experts, Messrs. Freund et al., summarize it: "In our view, the constitutional text, the debates at Philadelphia and the practice under the Constitution, leave no doubt that the Congress has the power to provide by statute for a special presidential election in the event the offices of President and Vice President become vacant."

The Founding Fathers could hardly have foreseen what is happening now. Mr. Nixon tried to widen his narrow circle of advisers when he broke loose from Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Mitchell, but he seems to be back again, almost as circumscribed as before, with Ziegler and Haig. The din for his resignation grows louder; no President since Hoover has suffered more.

So shall we have a special election next year? Don't count on it! It would require, first, that Congress reenact the old system dropped in 1886. That would eliminate Speaker Albert, or the man first in line. (The Speaker is a modest man who apparently would have to be dragged screaming and kicking into the White House, in any case.)

The next step is a lot harder: Mr. Nixon would have to resign. Conceivably he might quit to give the place to Vice President-designate Jerry Ford. This large, likable, unimaginative man is now the hope of distraught Republicans. But we can't see Mr. Nixon quitting in order to set up a problematical special election. That's how they do it in parliamentary countries, of course: the nation chooses up all over again. But it's difficult to visualize it here, whatever the Founding Fathers said.

The fact is, we can't see the end of this melodrama. The whole nation debates it. Papers ask the President to resign. To us, resignation is improbable. Impeachment is improbable. But . . . three more years of the present agony? That's most improbable of all.

In his energy address last week Mr. Nixon said that he wouldn't resign "as long as I am physically able," and he set out on the sad, tortured effort to restore credibility. As for the energy crisis it is real, it has been obvious for a month, and it is probably worse than he admits. Like him or not, the President, in our form of government, is indispensable. We think he deserves support.

Even in such a speech, though, he had to ring in a commercial—and how he brought the POWs home and all that. Oh well. . . . Some people have elegance; some don't. The chill is real.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 169, No. 20, Issue 3071, November 17, 1973. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, August 4 and August 25) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscription $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1973 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Lessons Nixon Won't Learn

In his handling of the celebrated White House tapes, the President is repeating the errors that ballooned the Watergate break-in into the gigantic scandal it became. In the instance of Watergate, the public had trouble imagining that so seasoned a politician as Mr. Nixon did not know what his closest aides were doing after burglars tied to his own reelection committee were found inside Democratic national headquarters. If the President had had nothing to hide or apologize for, and if he had been concerned about public confidence in the administration, he needed only to be forthright. Instead, the White House publicly denied all, and privately prepared and distributed a variety of cover stories. It thought the public would soon tire of the scandal, and that the President could "tough it out." Then came the discovery this past July that the White House was taping all presidential conversations. Again, if the President's version of the truth was in fact the truth, the simplest and most useful thing he could have done on his own behalf was to lay the tapes on the table. Again, Mr. Nixon ran for cover behind a curtain of executive privilege. And only when public outrage at the Cox firing and the Richardson resignation forced his hand did the President reluctantly agree to allow the tapes to be examined. Then came the third shock, the belated statement by the White House that two of the nine subpoenaed tapes never existed. Perhaps they didn't, but whatever the reality, the appearance of hanky-panky is unavoidable.

What did the President know and when did he know it? Those were the nagging questions Senator Howard Baker asked repeatedly during the televised hearings. The answer that most often came back was that the President knew nothing of wrongdoing before March 21, 1973, because he never asked anyone who had direct knowledge of what went on. But for months and months before that date, the networks and the newspapers were pouring out a cascade of revelations and allegations, and the public could not be blamed if it assumed that the President did not know the truth because he did not want to know.

When we come to the White House tapes, and particularly the so-called nonexistent ones (the June 20, 1972 telephone conversation between Mr. Nixon and John Mitchell and the April 15, 1973 evening meeting with John Dean), two further questions arise: when did the

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President learn those tapes were not there, and why didn't he tell anyone as soon as he did learn they were not there? The President's attorney, Mr. Buzhardt, informed the court about the missing tapes on October 31. But the President's June 4, 12-hour tape-listening session should have uncovered the fact that at least one key conversation, that of April 15, was unrecorded; assuming, that is, that it *was* unrecorded. On July 11, 1973, according to the Secret Service, a tape covering all or a part of the April 15 meeting was among those given to H. R. Haldeman. If that tape was a blank or incomplete, did Haldeman not then discover it, and if he did discover it, did he not then tell the President? We are told that the absence of this April 15 tape was not noticed until the tapes were sorted out by White House aide Stephen Bull, who on September 29 passed the information on to his boss, General Alexander Haig, who then informed the President. Earlier that day, Bull has told Judge Sirica, the President also found, seemingly for the first time, that his June 20 telephone conversation with Mitchell could not be found; it had not been recorded.

September 29 was a busy day. At Camp David, the President's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, began typing a transcript of the tapes—exactly one month after they were ordered delivered to Judge Sirica. This could mean that the President was already preparing to retreat from his line of nonsurrender of the tapes. At any rate, the court of appeals during the week of September 13 asked Special Prosecutor Cox and the President's lawyers to try once more to reach some compromise that would avoid extending the litigation. Cox proposed that the two sides agree on some individual who would hear the tapes and certify what should go to the grand jury and what should not. The President reportedly refused to hear of it. He had earlier said, in his August 23 press conference, that to have the "tapes listened to . . . in any way would violate the principle of confidentiality . . ." But beginning at Camp David on that late September weekend, continuing through the following week in Washington and carrying on into the next weekend at Key Biscayne, Miss Woods listened to tapes cued up for her by Stephen Bull and typed away. Was her typescript verbatim? Was it a summary? Was it edited? Mr. Bull, asked these questions in court, could not or would not answer. But since only slightly more than 10 hours of conversations in the subpoenaed material had to be typed, Miss Woods had time enough that week to have finished with what was sought by subpoena and to have discovered that two conversations were not there—if they were not.

The dillydallying was to go on for several weeks. After the court of appeals ordered the President on October 12 to turn over the tapes to Judge Sirica, there were further negotiations, this time over having Senator John Stennis "verify" the accuracy of a summary of the tapes personally prepared by the President. Stennis was promised that none of the tapes had been tampered with. Stennis says he was warned that some of the tapes were "almost unintelligible," but neither he nor Senator Howard Baker, who also talked to Haig and the President, was given any hint by the White House that two conversations were missing. The very next week Stennis was to begin receiving the presidential summaries and tapes for verification. When if ever would the President have told him of the missing conversations? Nixon had to be aware that the two tapes didn't exist.

On October 19 he unveiled his Stennis compromise, having persuaded Senators Ervin and Baker to accept it. The rest is history. Cox balked, was fired, and took with him on his way out Attorney General Richardson and his top deputy, William Ruckelshaus. At the height of the uproar, on Sunday, October 21, White House counsel Buzhardt called to his office the Secret Service supervisor and asked him how it could possibly be that two of the conversations were missing. That interrogation preceded the President's surprise capitulation the following day, promising Judge Sirica all the tapes called for by the grand jury subpoena. Again, however, nothing was said about any missing tapes; that admission did not come for another week, when a meeting was held to determine how the tapes were to be turned over to the judge.

Are we to think that the hallmark of this administration is inefficiency? The Watergate trial produced no financial records of cash transfers to the burglars hired by the President's reelection committee; they had been destroyed. Material from the White House safe of one Watergate conspirator was also missing; only recently did John Dean say that he personally had got rid of some of it. Men in the Nixon administration known to be meticulous record keepers suddenly had no records, or the ones they had were inaccurate. When called to account, no one seemed to know who was responsible for what. Memories faded fast. In the current tape hearings, records are again a puzzle. The Secret Service, which prides itself on its competence in complex security matters, asks us to believe that it had no formal control procedures for White House recorded conversations—conversations that by their nature would have had the highest security classification. Normally log books are kept showing who at any time has possession of a classified paper. Dates and times of removal from central storage safes and return are standard operating procedure. Receipts of transfer are almost always required. None of these traditional precautions was observed in the case of the tapes, however. The Secret Service supposedly kept a steno pad as a log book, separate entries for removal and return of tapes being jotted down on whatever scrap of paper was nearby. No receipts were made out, and on at least one occasion, in July this year, no record

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could be found of when the nine tapes given H. R. Haldeman were returned. A Secret Service supervisor had written in the steno book that the nine tapes came back on July 12, but that entry could not be confirmed, not even by the man who made the notation.

On July 13, 1973, Alexander Butterfield, a former Nixon aide, first told Senate investigators of the existence of the tapes. Five days later and prior to their subpoena by then Special Prosecutor Cox and by the Ervin committee, the tapes were turned over by the Secret Service to General John Bennett, deputy to White House Chief of Staff Haig. On the afternoon of July 18, Secret Service agents drew up a handwritten inventory of the tapes contained in several hundred boxes. At 9:40 that evening, General Bennett signed a receipt for the tapes, but according to his own testimony he did not check to see if the inventory was accurate or whether the tapes listed were there. How believable is it that a military officer would sign for receipt of material as important as presidential conversations and not be more precise than that?

Among Bennett's instructions from General Haig on July 18 was to "keep a record" and "record names of those concerned." What did Bennett do? He dictated to his secretary an account of his first morning's work with the tapes. But from then on, according to his testimony, Bennett kept notes in his own handwriting, placed them in a sealed envelope and put them in his personal safe. Asked why he did not continue dictating a record to his secretary, Bennett replied that he did not want her "dirtied up by having knowledge of the tape transactions."

Record keeping, or the lack of it, came up in another way at the Sirica court hearings. Mr. Bull, who supervised the taping of White House conversations after Butterfield's departure, requested certain tapes from the Secret Service on a number of occasions. Bull says he kept no list of what he asked for, what he received, when he got the tapes, or when he returned them. He could neither affirm nor deny the accuracy of the simple records the Secret Service did keep. It was impossible, therefore, to establish which tapes were actually reviewed at any one time.

The press has come in for considerable abuse by the White House. One wonders whether we would know half of what we do know if the press also had not determined to "tough it out." *The Washington Post* on June 3, 1973 and *Time* magazine of that week reported that John Dean had met with the President 35 times in the spring of 1973 to discuss Watergate. The White House denied the story. The next day it confirmed it. And on that date, according to Bull, General Haig told him that "the President would like to review certain tapes." Bull was given a list (which he said he did not keep but returned to the President), identifying certain sought conversations. Bull then asked for and got from the Secret Service 26 tapes. Using several playing devices, he cued up a conversation and took it in to the President. When the President had finished listening to that one conversation, Bull went in with the next cued-up tape and removed the one to which the President had listened. Bull testified that he thus proceeded down the list of tapes which covered all the presidential meetings with Dean from February 27, 1973 to April 16, 1973—the last time the two met. The President listened for almost 12 hours, Bull said, finishing "around 10 at night." Among the tapes provided Bull that day, according to the Secret Service, was the now missing April 15, 1973 evening conversation between Dean and the President. Bull told the court that he could not at the time find certain conversations, but he was unable to identify which they were.

When he appeared before the Ervin committee last June, John Dean had a great deal to say about his April 15 meeting with the President. He told the senators that he thought the President was leading him on, and that he acted as if the conversation was being taped. Dean also recalled that the President went off to a corner and in a whisper said that he should not have mentioned clemency for Watergate defendant E. Howard Hunt to his former aide, Charles Colson. On the day Dean was so testifying before the Ervin committee, the President asked Bull to have one particular tape immediately sent to San Clemente. Bull later told Ervin committee investigators he guessed that the tape requested was that of the April 15 conversation. Perhaps Bull's memory was wrong, for he was later told that the tape the President asked him for was the one for March 20—a discovery, Bull said, that "educated" him.

The Sirica tape hearings could drag on for weeks. Each new disclosure by a witness cries out for other witnesses. General Bennett testified that he controlled the vault that contained the tapes, but he conceded that between July 18 and July 29, General Haig had the keys. So General Haig must testify on who, if anyone, had access to the tapes during that period. The first conversation sought by subpoena was that of June 20, 1973, held in the President's EOB office with aides Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The conversation lasted from 10:30 am to 12:45 pm. However presidential logs supplied to the Sirica hearing for that date show that the President met from 10:25 am to 11:20 am, and only with Ehrlichman, not Haldeman. That is not the only discrepancy in the logs. For the key date of April 15 the President's log was revised on July 26, at the request of White House Watergate lawyer Buzhardt, just after the special prosecutor's request for the April 15 taped conversation reached the White House. So here we are, reeling from one discrepancy and evasion and lie to another. There will be further White House explanations, explaining previous explanations, and the public will go on wondering why the President has not done and seemingly cannot do the obvious thing —tell all the truth and nothing but the truth.

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Winners and Losers

It is wrong to read Watergate into most of last week's election results, but in at least one race – for governor of New Jersey – the theme of corruption played a major role. Democratic candidate Brendan Byrne ran on a campaign to put "integrity back in government" and defeated the Republican Charles Sandman by a landslide of 1.4 million votes to 666,000. For the third time in this century both houses of the New Jersey legislature were taken over by Democrats. Ocean County elected its first Democratic state legislators this century, and Monmouth County threw out the Republican leader of the state senate, who had been in office 22 years. Corruption was a persuasive theme partly because members of the departing Cahill administration had been served with nearly 80 indictments since 1969. Sandman, a right-wing Republican, announced late on election night that he was not "blaming my defeat on anyone," but Watergate was an unnamed culprit.

In the only other gubernatorial race, Republican Mills Godwin beat an independent populist, Henry Howell, in Virginia with a slim 14,000 vote margin. Both candidates formerly were Democrats, and Godwin's victory probably indicates a suspicion of "radicals" (Howell was called a "dangerous radical liberal") and not necessarily a liking for Godwin or Republicans. There may be a recount.

In New York the sober, familiar Abraham Beame, a machine Democrat, was elected mayor as everyone had assumed he would be. He is the first Jewish mayor of New York. For the first time in history, Westchester County elected a Democrat for county executive, the former mayor of Yonkers, Alfred L. Bello. Blacks were elected mayor for the first time in Detroit and Raleigh, North Carolina. In Detroit state senator Coleman Young defeated a law 'n' order candidate, former police commissioner John Nichols; in Raleigh city councilman Clarence Lightner became the first black to be elected mayor of a Southern city with a white majority population. (Earlier this year blacks defeated white mayoral candidates in Los Angeles and Atlanta.) In Minneapolis a 33-year-old liberal Democrat, Albert Hofstede, upset the incumbent mayor, Charles Stenvig, another tough-on-crime former police detective. In Cleveland Republican mayor Ralph Perk, the man who made network news when he set his hair afire with a blowtorch, was elected to his second term by a Democratic majority electorate. In Philadelphia the Democratic candidate for district attorney, F. Emmett Fitzpatrick, upset the politically ambitious liberal Republican incumbent, Arlen Specter. In Boston the former US representative, Louise Day Hicks, a strong opponent of school desegregation, easily won a place on the city council.

California voters resoundingly rejected Governor Ronald Reagan's plan to restrict state expenditures to a declining percentage of personal income. Reagan campaigned hard for his proposition, and his organization spent a lot of money to get it approved. Opponents included most members of the legislature, leading Democrats, organized labor and the League of Women Voters. Though they lacked Reagan's organization and money they were able to sow enough doubts in voters' minds. Their principal objection was that Reagan's plan was too complex and rigid to lock into the state constitution, and that it would shift government costs from the progressive state income tax to regressive local property and sales taxes. The defeat slows down but hardly sidetracks Reagan's campaign for the GOP presidential nomination in 1976. His greatest appeal has long been his media personality, not his philosophy, and rejection of the latter does not dim the glow of the former. One question the GOP will have to consider, however, is whether, at 65, Reagan will be thought too old to begin a term in the White House.

Ways to Save Energy

The Arab oil embargo is giving us a practical lesson in conservation. President Nixon went on television last week to warn that several crises have combined to deprive us of between 10 and 17 percent of the petroleum we would normally use this winter. "We must therefore face up to a very stark fact," he said. "We are heading toward the most acute shortages of energy since World War II." But his immediate plan for meeting the challenge is to put more steam behind projects that were begun following last winter's mild shortage. In the short run he wants more voluntary self-restraint (with mandatory controls only if he cannot avoid them), and in the long run he wants to increase production, opening "new sources of energy which will give us the capacity to meet our needs without relying on any foreign nation." To help in the temporary effort, the President has ordered the government to cut back beyond the seven percent reduction in energy consumption by federal agencies he ordered last June. He has also asked Congress to approve an emergency powers bill giving him authority to order fuel rationing, relaxation of air pollution standards, lowering of highway speeds, curtailment of working hours, the closing of "nonessential" buildings and year-round daylight savings time. This appeal to conserve energy may help, but it is limited. The President did not suggest that he plans to change the incentives that make us wasteful.

The first suggestion usually made for lowering energy consumption is the obvious one: let prices rise. And they are rising. Winter fuel prices went up last year, as did gasoline prices in the summer. Last week the oil companies announced large new increases

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in the price of gasoline and refined oil, in some cases record increases of three to four cents a gallon of gas. Meanwhile the President is asking Congress to deregulate the price of natural gas and allow it to rise as high as demand drives it. Energy experts say this is only the first of a series of price increases to come.

Fuel prices in this country are low by international standards and raising them is probably the least arbitrary of several ways to discourage energy use. Edwin Stelzer, president of the National Economic Research Associates, told the Senate Interior Committee last March that he was in favor of fuel price changes because they work "more efficiently" than administrative fiat. He said, "Prices, if economic, reflect the composite private preferences of millions of consumers, whereas administrative judgments must attempt to divine those preferences from far less perfect information." But Stelzer also warned of several major flaws in the price mechanism. First, he felt that experts may be too optimistic about the "elasticity" of fuel demand. Most data on the effect of prices on demand deal with one kind of energy, not all kinds. Thus, while a chart may show that demand for electricity goes down with a slight increase in price, it does not show that demand for natural gas goes up at the same time, which it might. Stelzer concluded, "The total demand for all fuels may change very little regardless of what you do to fuels prices . . . I think it would be foolhardy to expect dramatic reductions in energy consumption as a result of increases in energy prices."

Stelzer also pointed out that price increases will be unfair to the extent that income distribution is unfair: the poor will pay more. And finally he said that price increases will be irrational unless they are tied to actual costs, particularly environmental costs. For example, why should people be charged more for an essential fuel like heating oil when industries can still afford to waste large amounts of electricity and gas on manufacturing aluminum pop-tops and plastic wrappers? If price incentives are to work properly, they should not discourage just the use of fuels in short supply, but the use of fuels that incur heavy social costs. Furthermore increases should apply first to luxury use.

If there is to be an equitable, sensible pricing system, environmental costs of energy would have to be tied to the market price. This might be done indirectly, through taxes on pollutants and government clean-up programs, or directly, forcing energy companies to repair the damage done by their mining, refining and shipping. The price of a ton of coal should include a ton's worth of restoring stripped coal fields, or a ton's worth of mine safety programs. Gasoline and oil prices should reflect the cost of meeting clean air standards, and electricity rates should reflect the esthetic damage done by high power lines. (Perhaps there's a way to force them underground.)

As prices are adjusted, consumers ought to be given the means to judge whether they're being served efficiently or not. Electric meters could be built to show how much current is used each day, and then they might be put inside the house where people could read them. Electric appliances could be labeled and taxed according to efficiency (air conditioners of the same cooling capacity differ in the amount of current they use). The same applies to cars and houses: manufacturers could be required to publicize an accurate estimate of the miles-per-gallon a car will run, and builders could be asked to state the estimated heating and cooling costs for a house before it is sold.

Another area that needs study is the structure of fees charged by utilities. Most electricity and gas is sold today under the "declining rate block system" in which the price changes according to the amount or blocks of energy bought. Contrary to what seems desirable now, the more energy one consumes, the less one pays per unit. The small buyer pays more per unit to heat his house and cook dinner than a factory using much larger quantities to produce nonessentials. The system, designed to encourage industrial expansion and offset the cyclical ups and downs of private consumption, now seems outdated. Laurence Moss, vice president of the Sierra Club, suggested to the Senate Interior Committee that extra-low rates should be set for the first 2000 kilowatts and 17 million BTUs of gas used by a household in a year. This would operate as a sort of guaranteed minimum energy in-

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come, assuring that moderate users would not be penalized by price increases. While protecting the energy-poor, it would also discourage wasteful uses of energy.

There are flaws in federal regulation too. The Federal Power Commission, created to keep interstate power prices low and make cheap electricity available to everyone, seems to have had the bad side-effect of encouraging frivolous growth. Attorney Edward Berlin wrote a memo for the Environmental Protection Agency in which he said the FPC policy encourages utilities to "take business risks that a highly competitive firm would be unlikely to assume . . . safe in the knowledge that the regulatory commission will be there to bail it out." When a utility gets caught in a bad business decision, it can turn to the regulating agency and ask permission to raise customer rates. And since utilities are given a rate of return (profit) based on a percentage of their own expenses, they are driven to build larger facilities, accumulate more property and grow in all directions as fast as they can. At the same time they face no strong incentive to cut expenses. Utilities that could share facilities do not, preferring to build their own rather than lease from a neighbor. The incentives that produced these wasteful habits can be redesigned to make utilities more efficient.

If some of the fundamental changes in energy policy outlined here were tried and found to work, there would be little need for conservation propaganda. Simple economics would do the job. The price of large-scale energy consumption would not any longer be subsidized. Airlines might use smaller rather than larger planes when possible, and they might try to fill every flight rather than sending out so many half-full as they have until recently. (It took a major shortage to convince American, TWA and United this November to reduce flights on 15 US routes from 150 round trips daily to 110.) Aluminum might become a precious metal, garbage a natural resource. This is, of course, an environmentalist's dream and has little to do with the "conservation ethic" being promoted today. Conservation ads sponsored by the energy industry are self-serving, and in some cases insincere. In Washington, DC, for example, while the Potomac Electric Power Company asks customers to turn down thermostats and caulk windows this November, it also urges people to buy "clean, quiet electric heat." Data on space heating show that electric heat is usually the most expensive and wasteful choice; on the average it is 40 percent less efficient than gas heat. Conservationists would abolish it.

What stands in the way of conserving energy is the unreasoning fear that the American way of life will be undermined if the pace of consumption is slowed. Many businessmen and politicians believe, as Senator Fannin told the Interior Committee in March, that "our entire national existence is dependent on growth. Without growth our standard of living could not be maintained. So let us recognize that when talking about energy conservation we are not talking about a no-growth policy." As long as this self-induced fear prevails, little can be done to change the incentives of national energy policy, and conservation campaigns will focus on small consumers, not the large built-in patterns of waste.

Eliot Marshall

The Eastport Refinery

Oil in Maine?

Dresden, Maine

This state has some of the most rigorous laws in the nation to protect the environment, which Mainers rightly know to be one of their most valuable assets. Not for nothing do license plates bear the legend: "Vacationland." The Site Selection Law requires developers to get permits from the Department of Environmental Protection. The department can grant permission, refuse it or, in controversial matters, hold public hearings.

Hearings are now being held on what could be a fateful decision for the state: the application from the Pittston Company, a major conglomerate, to build a $350-million oil refinery in Eastport, the town where the sun rises in the USA. Pittston's proposal calls for delivery of crude oil from the Persian Gulf in Very Large Crude Carriers (VLCCs)—tankers 1160 feet long with drafts of 80 feet, each one carrying enough crude to keep the refinery going around the clock for a week through the foggy, narrow, tide- and current-ripped waters of Passamaquoddy Bay, Head Harbor Passage and Friar Roads. On its face an absurd proposition and not merely because we can hardly be assured of regular delivery of crude from the Persian Gulf! The project has been judged unsuitable by the US Army Corps of Engineers, the Texaco Corp. and the Arthur D. Little consulting firm. It has been further pronounced so by the Canadian government, through whose waters the monster ships would have to pass, on whose land the necessary navigational aids would have to be located, and whose pilots would have to be employed to guide the ships through Head Harbor Passage, which lies entirely within the territorial waters of New Brunswick.

When the Canadian opposition was announced last spring, it was assumed hereabouts that the Pittston application would be rejected out of hand. However there are strong political and economic pressures within the state to get an oil refinery: the classic confrontation between "development" and "environment." So Maine's Board of Environmental Protection

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(BEP) decided to hold hearings, which began last June at the Eastport High School. The parking lot was jammed, four state troopers directing traffic. A crowd of several hundred, of all ages, filled the grandstand in the gym, with the board seated at a long table in the middle of the basketball court. Pittston representatives sat at another long table on their right, "intervenors" (attorneys for groups the board had authorized to speak in opposition) at another long table on their left. The room was ablaze with light (and heat) from TV lights, and the gym floor was tangled with cables.

After a brief opening statement by Pittston, one of the intervenors, Horace Hildreth, a Portland attorney, moved that the application be dismissed, because of the Canadian objection, without further hearings. Hildreth represented the Coastal Resources Action Committee, which he and a few others organized a few years ago to fight another oil application at Searsport on Penobscot Bay. CRAC raised $30,000 for that battle to cover fees for expert witnesses and lawyers; it was successful and Searsport remains oil-free. However Searsport is near Isleboro, where Douglas Dillon summers, and Camden, where the IBM Watsons summer, and Mt. Desert, where many Rockefellers summer. Eastport is 100 miles further down east, and *nobody* summers there—"nobody" in the society-page sense, and almost nobody otherwise: the population of the town has dropped from about 6000 at the turn of the century to about 2000. The fishing and lobstering fleets, and consequently the canning factories, have declined drastically, and many of the stores on the main stem are empty.

The whole case has brimmed from the outset with acrimony and conspiracy theories: Pittston's leading man here, A. F. Kaulakis, vice president for energy development, told reporters he didn't believe the Canadian objection was based on environmental grounds at all, but involved Canadian and Maine politics, adding, the Department of Environmental Protection "is working directly with the Canadian government." I asked a knowing friend about this, and he said, "Hogwash." However he also said that Pittston might well go to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick if they couldn't get Eastport. I asked how the Canadians could possibly give permission for supertankers to land in Canada when they had denied permission for them to go through Canadian waters to Maine. He said "Their letter was very careful to specify that it was the particularly hazardous waters and tides in Head Harbor Passage that gave them concern about oil-spills."

The alleged economic benefits are the chief attraction of the refinery for Eastporters. They are also extremely problematical. The refinery would employ some 300 people, mostly executives and technicians, few of whom could be found hereabouts, Pittston's protestations to the contrary. Several hundred more would be hired to build the refinery and presumably a good many of these could be local. There would doubtless be a modest increase in local spending for goods and services; a substantial ship's chandlery business could develop; some houses would be built, and land prices would go up. But the presence of a refinery in Maine would not reduce the price of gas or fuel oil in residents. It would not make much of a dent in the 15 percent unemployment in Washington County, the highest in the state. These seem small benefits indeed when balanced against the potential costs.

The first cost, one seldom commented on, is an elegant example of opportunity lost: it would rule out any possibility of building the Quoddy Tidal Power Project, FDR's pet scheme of the '30s, which people (including Senator Muskie) are beginning to talk about again, given the energy crisis and the environmentally appealing aspects of hydroelectric power. But the Quoddy project depends upon damming the approaches to Eastport. So a decision to go ahead with a refinery at Eastport is, whether admitted or not, a decision to abandon tidal power, at least until the world's oil runs out, and Pittston abandons Eastport—which might be as soon as 25 years, even a Pittston man has admitted.

The chief potential cost, of course, is a superspill, with catastrophic consequences for the fisheries; the befouling of the magnificent scenic coastline; the loss of much of the tourist trade, which contributes more now, and is projected to contribute even more in the future than the refinery ever could; even the loss of the view from Peggy Rockefeller's picture window (the ocean currents would take some of the spill up west past Mt. Desert).

The technology of protecting against spills, of containing them, and of cleaning up after them, is still in a primitive state. And Pittston's track record for safety is not reassuring. Pittston has no previous experience in refining oil, although it is a major deliverer of fuel oil on the East Coast. Its chief business is coal mining, and it dumped the slag-heap at Buffalo Creek, in West Virginia, where the dammed-up waters burst in 1972 and 125 people drowned. Pittston's record in mine safety and environment protection is about the worst in the industry.

Quoddy's tides and currents and narrow passages, often fog-shrouded, are notorious. The retired captain of a coastal tanker told me recently, "Up there I've sometimes run into tidal currents setting in three different directions within 1000 feet. How the hell are you going to steer a ship that's *over* 1000 feet when it's in water going three different ways at the same time?" Moreover while only one supertanker a week would keep the refinery busy, it would take one coastal tanker a day to carry the processed fuels up the coast, thus increasing the statistical odds for accident.

Still the economy of the area is so desperate that a good many of the residents favor the application. The most poignant remark I heard was, "'We've got

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nothing to sell here but deep water."

Pittston is estimated to have spent more than one million dollars already in preparing its case, and admits to paying its expert witnesses between $300 and $500 a day, plus travel. One of these expensive travelers, an English harbormaster, had his testimony moved ahead of schedule because he had to return home at once: a big oil spill at Milford Haven. He indicated *his* feeling for the environment by saying, "Rocky foreshores are not places where people are likely to go walking around, are they? So a bit of oil spilled there doesn't do a great deal of harm.".

An Eastport fisherman's testimony was moved up because he also had to return home at once: the mackeral were running early in the bay. He said there were back-eddies alongshore, but he didn't think the oil would have much effect on the fishing: "It's dying anyway." He also said, in response to a question, that a sailboat meeting a large oil tanker in the channel would have right of way (laughter).

With hearings still to come on other debatable matters—air, water, solid waste disposal, engineering, site protection, etc.—it seems clear that there will be no decision on the refinery until next year. In any event the decision of the Board of Environmental Protection may not be the determining factor, given the apparent firmness of the Canadian opposition. The Canadians have observers at the hearings, and the Canadian minister of environment said recently: "We're going to fight as hard as we can to prevent an Eastport refinery. We're going to do everything, short of sending gunboats."

Charles G. Bolte

MR. BOLTE *is a writer now living in Maine.*

Why We Need the Poor

President Nixon's welfare speech last March with its strictures against relief chiselers and alleged ne'er-do-wells illustrates the fifth point of Gans' Law. Gans' Law is formulated by Herbert J. Gans, professor of sociology at Columbia, who says, in effect, that poverty has social uses and that society wouldn't be the same without it. With the single aberration of the Moynihan family assistance program, Mr. Nixon has stoutly clung to this law, exemplified by taxing the rich less and the poor more, and by spending money on weapons, not welfare.

In his new book *More Equality* (Pantheon; $7.95), Dr. Gans includes an essay identifying "the positive functions of poverty." Poverty, he reveals, is a great convenience. It has at least 15 important functions without any of which life would be harder for the rest of us. Yes sir, if we would slough off conventional thinking and take a "functional" look at poverty, we would see that it fulfills a real need, for the nonpoor, that is.

Take function No. 4. In nontechnical terms, without the poor who would do the dirty work? You can't wash bedpans with IBM machines. Who would take dreary, dirty, undignified, dangerous jobs? Who would scrape lunch dishes, in second-rate quick restaurants, from which customers haven't removed the butter, or scrub floors, or do stoop labor? Raise minimum wages here and you lose something essentially American. Naturally Mr. Nixon objects.

Next point: often the poor "subsidize" the affluent. A low wage scale allows the rich to divert a higher proportion of income to frivolity and capital accumulation, which spreads more dollars around mainly to them. The poor pay a higher percentage of their income in regressive sales and payroll taxes that subsidize local, state and federal governments.

Nobody will deny (No. 2) that social workers and police might be out of jobs without the miserable slums. Somebody has to be paid to shield us from them, and to guide, control and cow the poor. "Other activities that flourish because of the existence of poverty are the numbers game, the sale of heroin and cheap wines and liquors, Pentecostal ministers, faith healers, prostitutes, pawnshops, and the peacetime army, which recruits its enlisted men mainly from among the poor."

Dr. Gans lists the convenience of the poor to society in utilizing things that nobody else wants: run-down cars, walk-up flats, second-hand clothes, and badly trained doctors. Somebody has to make use of these things.

Mr. Nixon superbly illustrates another function: Gans says "to uphold the legitimacy of dominant norms, the defenders of the desirability of hard work, thrift, honesty and monogamy need people who can be accused of being lazy, spendthrift, dishonest and promiscuous to justify these norms." The deviant poor have always been described as lazy and undeserving.

The poor provide the rest of us with deep emotional satisfactions: compassion, charity and identification with the Judeo-Christian ethic. The poor will be always with us, and isn't it lucky?

There is also a more subtle psychological gratification. Dr. Gans notes a widespread belief that "welfare recipients are on a permanent sex-filled vacation" at taxpayers' expense. It is one long binge. Whether the poor "actually have more sex and enjoy it more," Dr. Gans observes, is really "irrelevant." As long as the middle class thinks they do, it too can share the joys vicariously.

Furthermore the poor are a necessary foundation for the "mobile society." This is the sociological concept that the way up is on the shoulders of the masses below: if there weren't a launching pad there could be no J. Paul Gettys. "Members of almost every group," says

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Gans," have financed their upward mobility" by servicing later arrivals.

From Egypt's pyramids to Chicago's subways the poor have toiled, providing leisure and capital that ultimately spilled over to artists and intellectuals. The poor fulfill the artistic function of supplying subjects for compassionate artists ("The Gleaners"), and their culture often works its way into something fine, like a folk song in somebody's symphony.

Items like this substantiate Gans' Law. If Mr. Nixon ever kicks clear of Watergate he can return to the Lazy Poor. Few men have used them more. He said, for example, "A system that penalizes a person for going to work and rewards a person for going on welfare is totally alien to the American tradition of self-reliance and self-respect." Mr. Nixon once unwisely proposed to fix this all up by giving a guaranteed income to everybody but he saw the trap just in time. He packed Pat Moynihan off to New Delhi, realizing more clearly than LBJ that the price of winning the War on Poverty is to lose your purse of platitudes. Let the poor eschew welfare! Meanwhile the public pays $2.4 million in five years on Mr. Nixon's Camp David retreat, including $150,000 for a swimming pool.

Dr. Gans catalogs a few more functions of the poor. For example if Los Angeles needs a new expressway for middle-class commuters, it can always carve it through poor neighborhoods. Universities, hospitals and civic centers customarily expand by taking slum lands and kicking out occupants. What a convenience this is. As for the poor, they can always double up or move somewhere else.

You can multiply illustrations of Gans' Law. Dr. Gans suggests:

► "The poor function as a reliable and relatively permanent measuring rod for status comparison, particularly for the working class, which must find and maintain status distinctions between itself and the poor, much as the aristocracy must find means of distinguishing itself from the *nouveaux riches.*"

► "The poor support medical innovation as patients in teaching and research hospitals and as guinea pigs in medical experiments, reducing the risk for the more affluent patients who alone can afford these innovations once they are incorporated into medical practice."

There's always the temptation to end poverty by paying more money for the dirty work. But see where that gets you!—take the military: "They [the poor] would probably be less willing to serve in the army, except at considerably higher pay, in which case war would become yet more costly, and less popular politically. Alternately, more servicemen would have to be drafted from the middle and upper classes, but in that case war would also become less popular."

Evidently that's a blind alley. Or is it? The discoverer of Gans' Law wraps it up neatly: "Poverty persists not only because it satisfies a number of functions but also because many of the functional alternatives to poverty would be quite dysfunctional for the more affluent members of society."

In translation this means poverty will always be with us—unless we are willing to pay the high cost of ending it.

Richard L. Strout

MR. STROUT *is a veteran Washington correspondent for* The Christian Science Monitor.

The Nixon Watch

Not Yet, Not Now

Between October 26, when the President said at his 35th press conference that "I am going to continue to do this job," and November 5 and 6, when two of Mr. Nixon's spokesmen said for him that "the President is not a quitter" and that "the President has absolutely no intention of leaving this job until it's finished," there was a torrent of comment by journalists and noticeably less comment by politicians to the effect that he ought to resign for his own and the country's good. *Time*, columnist Joseph Alsop, *The New York Times, The Detroit News, The Denver Post* and Republican Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, the only black member of the United States Senate, said that Mr. Nixon should quit. Republican Senators Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Peter Dominick of Colorado and Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the party's Senate floor leader, and Senator James Buckley of New York, an independent conservative, said or indicated in varying ways that the President had lost the confidence of the country and was losing his capacity to govern.

Remarks of this sort, headlined and broadcast along with outright calls for resignation and polls showing a steady fall in public trust, stimulated the spread of expectations close to certainty that the Nixon presidency was going to end, sooner or later and probably sooner, with impeachment if it didn't end with resignation. A reader who is an inmate of the federal penitentiary in Atlanta assumed in a letter to me that the annual collection of these pieces to be published in book form next year would have to be entitled *The Last Nixon Watch*. I'd thought that I was pretty smart when I suggested as much to the publisher's editors in New York, only to find that they were already planning along that line and thought that *they* were mighty smart.

The spate of calls for resignation had a backlash effect upon me and, it turned out, upon other journalists who are no more predisposed in Richard Nixon's favor than I am. My gut reaction was that there was something premature, wrong and unjust about this

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sudden burst of conviction and assumption that the President was totally and irremediably guilty as charged. That's what the calls for resignation really said, it seemed to me, although they were generally couched in less direct and inculpatory terms. They suggested that if most people thought the President was guilty and had withdrawn their trust and confidence from him, he might as well be guilty whether he was or not and therefore ought to get out.

As one who has been writing since 1968 that Mr. Nixon is a fundamentally shoddy type, not worthy of the presidency and worthy of praise only when he rises above his past and himself to uncharacteristic levels of purpose and attainment, and since the autumn of 1972 that he surely knew more about and did more than he has said he did to conceal the antisocial thuggeries that we have in mind when we say "Watergate," I may be considered and indeed am considered at the White House to be a minor fomenter of and contributor to the corrosive and deepening condition of disbelief in Richard Nixon. Nevertheless, and however open to a charge of hypocrisy and journalistic license the assertion may lay me, I hold that neither the case for resignation nor the case for impeachment has been made.

It is terribly easy for the journalist to fall into sloppy terminology in discussing these matters. For example I wrote in this journal's last issue that the House Judiciary Committee is considering whether the President should be impeached. In fact, and there is a substantial difference, the committee is considering whether the House should consider whether he should be impeached. It is one thing for a reporter and commentator such as myself to say, as I did last May in connection with Mr. Nixon's first major Watergate explanation and apologia on April 30, that he elided, evaded and lied when he said he stayed so far away from the management of his 1972 reelection campaign that he couldn't have known and hence didn't know of the wrongs perpetrated for him during the campaign. I deduced from what I believed then and still believe to be adequate indicators that this was so. But it's another thing to act upon or demand that others act upon a deduction of this kind when such investigative bodies as the Senate's special Watergate committee have been too inept, too lazy, or too afraid of the truth to make the inquiries necessary to demonstrate whether—I'd say *that*—it is so.

The latest trigger for the conviction and assertions that the President should resign is the horrifying disclosure that two of the nine White House recordings subpoenaed by the fired special Watergate prosecutor, Archibald Cox, and required by two courts to be submitted to federal Judge John Sirica, are missing from the President's storage bin. They could prove or disprove former Attorney General John Mitchell's assertion that the President indicated no prior knowledge whatever of the original Watergate burglary and bugging when Mitchell first discussed it with him by telephone on June 20 of last year, and former White House Counsel John Wesley Dean's sworn testimony that in a talk with him last April 15 Mr. Nixon showed that he had known for months about the Watergate cover-up and about, among other things, bribes intended to purchase the silence of some of the Watergate defendants. The White House story is that because of flukes—a tape ran out; the President talked with Mitchell on an unrecorded White House telephone line—the recordings never existed. The President, among a very few others at the White House, has known since September 29 and may have known since last June that the two tapes were missing. Yet his lawyers had been telling judges and his spokesmen had been telling the media for weeks that all nine of the demanded tapes were intact and secure. Mr. Nixon staked his repute as late as October 19 on a qualified offer to make summaries of all of them available to Judge Sirica and the Senate Watergate committee. Instead of preparing the media, the public and the courts in advance for the fact that two of the most critical tapes were missing, the President and his people let the news break like thunder upon the public when Judge Sirica disclosed it on October 31.

On its face the White House story is incredible. It is widely and deservedly disbelieved. The flaws in it further and support an impression that the missing tapes were destroyed because they incriminated Mr. Nixon. Yet, despite four years and more of instruction in the perils of giving Mr. Nixon and his official apologists the benefit of doubt in critical matters, I at this writing believe the White House story and do not include it and the circumstance that it purports to explain among the arguable reasons for demanding resignation or impeachment. My primary reason for believing it is that Leonard Garment, the White House counsel who succeeded John Dean, is among the Nixon lawyers vouching for the story to Judge Sirica. My judgment of Garment is that he wouldn't be doing that and wouldn't still be at the White House if he had not satisfied himself that the story is true. A secondary reason for believing the story is that, for it to be true, a whole troop of characters beginning with the President and including his staff chief, General Alexander Haig, have to have been guilty of stupidity on a colossal scale. One of the few safe and proven rules for a reporter working at the Nixon White House is: never underestimate the Nixon establishment's capacity for stupidity, especially in its upper levels.

Other journalists who were driven to second thought by the rash of calls for resignation and were mentioned earlier in this report include the editors of *The Washington Post* and Tom Wicker, a *New York Times* columnist, who is referred to at the White House as "that bastard Wicker." It's fair to say, I think, that neither the *Post* in its news and editorial columns nor Wicker

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in his signed column pause very often to note that the Watergate case against Mr. Nixon is considerably less than complete. In their discussions of resignation, they did pause for that purpose. Thus Wicker: "Resignation would in no way resolve the question of Nixon's guilt or innocence; it would not even leave a clear sense of what the charges were, or should have been; and while resignation would remove him from office, it would not necessarily terminate his case." And the *Post*: ". . . those who cry 'resign' are asking Mr. Nixon to leave office without a formal, final resolution one way or another of allegations that have been, or might be, made against him." Wicker's and the *Post* editors' main points are that trial in the Senate after impeachment by the House is the sole means provided by the Constitution for the determination of an incumbent President's guilt or innocence and that Mr. Nixon could, if forced from office without such a determination, keep a belief that he was done in by leftist and media conspirators alive for years. Those who advocate impeachment rather than resignation for these kinds of reasons are somewhat in the position of aboriginal Indians who, in historic fable, could have solved the problems raised by a troublesome captive by letting him escape but preferred to hold him until they were ready to burn him at the stake. Anyhow, those who recoil from immediate resignation and say as I do—not yet, not now—have a point.

John Osborne

God in Houston

The Cult of Guru Maharaji Ji

by Jonathan Rawson

Dressed in a neat pin-striped suit, Rennie Davis, late of the Chicago Seven, stood stiffly near an airport arrival gate holding a lei of pink, white and red carnations. Stretched out behind him in two long lines were more than 100 fellow devotees of Satguru Maharaj Ji, the 15-year-old guru who is said to be the incarnation for this generation of the primordial vibrations of the universe.

The Perfect Master's plane arrived on schedule, and, after the other passengers had been allowed to debark, he emerged from the loading ramp—a short, puffy-cheeked adolescent with a dark Indian complexion, jet black hair combed flat, soft blemish-free skin, wearing a brown cord suit with an orange shirt and tie. Flanked by aides he approached the greeting party, took the lei, crushing it slightly in the process, and moved briskly down the gauntlet of *premies*. As he passed, the devotees, many in tears, threw flower petals in his path and then prostrated themselves to kiss the marble slabs where his lotus feet had just trod. With Davis at his side, the Perfect Master sped off into the afternoon.

Rennie Davis is the most conspicuous, though by no means the only, political activist who has made the trip from radical politics to radical religion, and his conversion has been a boon to Guru Maharaj Ji, the most spectacularly successful of recent spiritual immigrants from the East. Davis' first assignment was to put together "Soul Rush," a three-day rally held last week in the Houston Astrodome and modestly billed by Davis as "the most important event in the history of the world." Davis says that his decision to stop trying to close down capitals and start opening up people's inner selves came after a trip to Paris to speak with members of the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. He ran into a friend from the movement who had turned on to the 15-year-old master; a ticket to India was provided; and Davis flew off to check it out. His first impressions of the Perfect Master were negative. "But then I began talking with some of the premies," he said. "One came up and said that he had been with me at the Democratic convention. Another said that he'd been in Washington. I realized that these were really good people. I decided to take a second look, and I received Knowledge."

"Receiving Knowledge" is the key to everything in the Divine Light Mission, which is the organization headed by Guru Maharaj Ji, and the first step is to attend *satsang*, a sort of revival meeting in which premies give testimonies. To find out what it is that turned on Davis and the other followers—officially listed as 40,000 in this country and six million around the world—I attended a *satsang* in the Sunday school auditorium

JONATHAN RAWSON *is a journalist specializing in religious affairs.*

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of a local Presbyterian church. About 50 persons, most of them already committed, were in attendance. There was singing to guitars and a small rock band, and then one premie after another speaking in gushing but vague terms about the bliss that follows the receipt of Knowledge. Guru Maharaj Ji is no ordinary guru, or guide. He is the Word become Flesh. "You mustn't confuse him with the components of his body," said one teenage girl. "He is timeless. He is the energy that is in every leaf and tree." A boy told how he had been delivered from fear of walking around big city streets at night. "When you have Knowledge you aren't afraid to go out," he declared. Another testified that he was living in sin with a girl until he saw what Knowledge had done to a childhood acquaintance: "I felt this warmth in him," he said. "He was shining, radiating with peace and joy. I figured that after awhile he would come down, but every day he got more blissful. It drove me crazy. Here was my old friend John from Akron, and he had found the peace of the universe."

At the end the leader announced that anyone interested in receiving Knowledge should come to the local headquarters the next morning. I showed up shortly before 9 am and, along with about 30 other persons, was ushered into a large living room. At one end was a makeshift altar draped with a white satin cloth and bearing innumerable pictures of Guru Maharaj Ji and other members of his family. We sat cross-legged on the floor and for two hours listened to more *satsang* and sang devotional folk songs ("Though the sun may fall and the moon may die, I will love you forever.") Shortly after 11 o'clock the mahatma—one of a reported 2000 persons authorized by the Perfect Master to impart Knowledge—arrived. He was dressed in a saffron robe and talked with an Indian accent.

The Knowledge session began about noon with an examination of each of the potential premies. Do you really believe Guru Maharaj Ji is the Lord? Do you really want to serve Him and Him alone? Do you have any other gurus? One young man made the mistake of saying that he wanted to receive Knowledge even though he was still a follower of Jesus. "Then get Jesus to give you Knowledge," retorted the mahatma. Asked why she wanted to receive Knowledge, one girl replied innocently enough that she wanted to find God. She was rejected along with nearly half of the others.

After a lunch break we settled into the serious business of making contact with the primordial vibrations of the universe. We were instructed to sit up straight, keep our eyes on the mahatma and answer all his questions in loud, clear voices. The first step was for everyone to take all the money out of his pockets, present it at the foot of the altar and express eternal gratitude and devotion to Guru Maharaj Ji. "If all you have is a check, sign it so that it can be cashed," instructed the mahatma. One boy was found to be holding out enough for his bus fare home. "What if Guru Maharaj Ji doesn't want you to go home?" asked the mahatma.

The Knowledge on which the Divine Light Mission is built is fourfold, and the first part is the seeing of "divine light." The living room lights were extinguished, and after a discourse on the significance of spiritual inner light the mahatma began moving among us. Explaining that the center of the forehead is the center of the body, he showed each person how to press against the side of the forehead with the thumb and middle finger of the right hand and against the lower center of the forehead with the index finger. Sure enough, we pressed and saw light. Some described the sensation as similar to seeing a starry night. Others reported comets and fireworks. One girl said that she saw images she hadn't seen since childhood. The mahatma assured us that this was just the beginning of our spiritual light shows. "You are newborn babes," he explained. "You will see cosmic light."

We were told to prostrate ourselves before the largest picture of the Perfect Master and say "Guru Maharaj Ji I am yours," and then we moved on to the next piece of Knowledge—hearing divine harmonies. The mahatma showed us how to put our thumbs in our ears and the index fingers over our eyes. When the pressure on the right ear was relaxed we all heard dull rhythmic sounds. One initiate said it sounded like a generator. Another said it was like a train. The mahatma nodded approvingly.

The third part was a breathing exercise in which we were instructed to sit with our index fingers and thumbs together and meditate on God and soul. The fourth involved "nectar" or divine revelation through the sense of taste. The mahatma explained that babies are born with their tongues curled back so as to receive nutrition from nectar that falls down from the center of their head before birth. This faculty, he said, is normally forgotten after birth but can be reclaimed. He showed us how to curl our tongues back toward the tonsils, an exercise that is presumably followed by premies often during the day. No one seemed to be tasting much nectar, but after 10 hours of sitting cross-legged in the living room no one seemed to want to make an issue of it.

With the Knowledge imparted, the mahatma read some passages from the Bible, the Bhagavad-Gita and Zen masters that, he said, proved that this was the Knowledge possessed by Jesus, the Buddha and other earlier spiritual leaders. He told us to meditate several hours a day, covering the head for the divine light part, and told us that the first time we saw Guru Maharaj Ji in person we should turn our right ear to him so that he might "blow you a puff of grace." He gave us a greeting to be used in addressing other premies and passed out pieces of paper with his name and address. "Send your worldly possessions here," he said. "Do you love Guru Maharaj Ji, or do you love your money?" Then—11 hours after it all began—we rose and staggered stiffly out into the cool evening air.

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We Aren't Out Of Vietnam

by Stanley Karnow

In contrast to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who jubilantly accepted the Nobel Prize the other day as recognition of the Nixon administration's contribution to "a lasting peace," chief North Vietnamese diplomat Le Duc Tho displayed considerable realism in rejecting the award on the grounds that "peace has not been really restored" in Vietnam. Bolstered by extravagant amounts of US weaponry, South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu has stubbornly resisted a settlement of the kind envisaged in the Paris agreement, and the Communists, their hopes of making gains by political means frustrated, have gradually resumed military action. As a consequence the conflict that was never ended by the cease-fire accord signed last January now appears to be spreading. Familiar places are again in the news in reports of battles in Binh Dinh and Chau Doc and in the Central Highlands near Pleiku, and, in the estimation of most specialists, these clashes portend widened hostilities. The key uncertainty is when the larger outbreak will come. Some expect a full-scale war to erupt in the approaching dry season; others forecast it for late next year. Only unalloyed optimists still cling to the hope that a compromise can be achieved, perhaps through the sort of international diplomatic maneuvers now being carried out by Kissinger in the Middle East.

An escalation of the fighting in Vietnam would hand President Nixon one more difficult predicament. Defense Secretary Schlesinger has bluntly warned that the US would resume its bombing in the area in the event of Communist "aggression," and his threat was echoed a couple of weeks ago by General John Vogt, commander of the American forces based in Thailand. However Congress has specifically denied Mr. Nixon the funds to commit the US to combat activities "in or over" Indochina, and thus he cannot legally fulfill his pledge or those of his subordinates to defend the Saigon regime by renewed air strikes without violating his promise to comply with the law—a violation that would further weaken his already frayed relationship with the legislature. Congress' vote last week overriding his veto of the war powers bill dramatically illustrates the extent to which his influence in Congress, particularly on the subject of foreign affairs, has declined. The President could, alternately, request fresh authorization from Congress to undertake military action, but present public attitudes toward Vietnam suggest that such an appeal would touch off angry debate and rekindle all those hot passions that have cooled since the US withdrawal. The skepticism aroused by his alert over the Middle East last month shows plainly that Nixon's credibility has dipped to an all-time low, and that distrust of his motives, indeed his judgment, would inevitably impair his capacity to react forcibly in Vietnam.

Kissinger recently noted that "one cannot have a crisis of authority in a society for a period of months without paying a price somewhere along the line," and that "somewhere" might turn out to be Vietnam. Judging from their current behavior, the North Vietnamese seem to believe that this is an opportune time to take advantage of Mr. Nixon's troubles at home and advance their own aims. Hanoi publicists have been stressing that the US, enfeebled by what they call the Watergate "deluge," can no longer police the world as it did in decades past. Therefore, they imply, the administration's ability to respond to a flare-up in Vietnam is limited. These commentaries coincide with orders to Communist troops to "strike back at the enemy," and they have been matched by evidence of a massive build-up of North Vietnamese and Vietcong strength in the South. According to reliable intelligence sources in Washington, the insurgent force in the South has increased from about 150,000 in January to nearly 200,000 at present, with almost one-quarter deployed in the region around Saigon, where government units are said to be weakest. The North Vietnamese also have heavy artillery, surface-to-air missiles and some 700 tanks in the South, and they have renovated airfields, constructed all-weather roads, erected immense storage facilities, and refurbished the port of Dong Ha in order to move in supplies by sea. Some analysts submit that they might use aircraft for the first time, if they launch a major offensive.

Hanoi's military build-up was designed at the outset to give the Communists parity with the South Vietnamese government, whose force numbers more than a million men armed with first-rate US equipment. One of Thieu's main objectives in delaying the cease-fire draft agreement in October 1972 was to gain the time in which to acquire weapons, and the US obliged him with a crash program of supplies valued at nearly a billion dollars. In addition to four regiments of M-48 tanks, three frigates and thousands of tons of ammunition, Thieu received 300 Chinook and

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Huey helicopters, 36 C-136 transport aircraft and 200 F-5A fighter airplanes, making his air force the third largest in the world.

Under Article 7 of the Paris agreement, both the Saigon regime and its enemies are permitted to replace materiel on a piece-for-piece basis. The International Commission of Control and Supervision, which comprises Indonesian, Iranian, Hungarian and Polish representatives, is charged with keeping track of these replacements, but in fact the flow of equipment goes unchecked, essentially because ambiguity suits the two sides. As a result the US is now planning to replace Saigon's F-5As with F-5Es, a superior model that might have been designated differently had not the Pentagon considered it expedient, for Vietnam purposes, to put a similar number on the airplane. Despite efforts by congressmen and journalists including myself to determine what other equipment is being sent to Vietnam, neither the Defense nor State Departments has been forthcoming, though such information is supposed to be public. Along with this secrecy there are hints of abuses. South Vietnamese troops reportedly sell their weapons to the Cambodian army and put in claims for new ones, and an official US audit last spring discovered that Saigon had trumped up a request for nine tanks.

The status of the American civilian technicians assigned to Vietnam is equally cloudy. Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff were told in April that the number of US private contract employees would be reduced to fewer than 2000 by the end of this year and to approximately 500 "very soon thereafter." Official figures show that the number still exceeds 3500, more than half of them working for Lear Siegler on aircraft maintenance.

Any estimate of the Saigon government's strength must also take into account the US presence in Thailand and Guam, and on aircraft carriers off the South Vietnamese coast. In Thailand, where the US deploys 700 B-52s and fighter bombers on seven airfields, plans to cut down the force of 38,500 American troops were suspended early last month as signs of possible hostilities in Vietnam multiplied.

Despite a cease-fire agreement on Laos, there are few indications that the US intends to pull completely out of that land. On the contrary the administration appears to be transferring its Laotian establishment across the Mekong River to northeastern Thailand, as it did when it was constrained after 1962 to respect Laotian neutrality. Since then the sector of Thailand adjacent to Laos has become the site of a wide variety of logistical installations operated by both the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency. The US presence in Cambodia also continues in the form of a military mission that is legally barred from doing more than delivering equipment but, according to a recent General Accounting Office study, flaunts the law by advising the Cambodian army. The President is currently seeking $200 million in aid for Cambodia in addition to more than a billion dollars to keep the Saigon government army operative.

The Communists could have probably tolerated the combination of the Saigon regime's harder muscle and continuing US support, since they were matching it with their own military build-up. But what apparently led them to edge toward their present level of violence—and may spark a bigger explosion—was their incapacity to make any political headway in the face of Thieu's intransigence. They signed the Paris agreement in the expectation that it would improve their political chances inside the South in three important respects. In the first place, the cease-fire brought the withdrawal of US forces from Vietnam, and that was Hanoi's initial priority. Secondly, they calculated that it would give them the opportunity to consolidate their position in the territories they held, and thus enhance the Vietcong's stature as a government parallel to the Saigon regime. And finally, they anticipated that the Council of National Reconciliation and Concord to be established through negotiations with Thieu would eventually open the way to the creation of coalition rule in Saigon. For these reasons they welcomed the Paris accord, urging their supporters to observe it, follow it faithfully, and exhorting them, as one of their directives at the time said, to "eradicate hatred and heal the wounds of war . . . by placing national interests above all." In short the Communists perceived the truce as an opportunity to lower their military profile and concentrate on political action to reach their long-range goal: control of Saigon and reunification of Vietnam.

But the reasons that made the Paris agreement acceptable to the Communists made it anathema to Thieu. Unwilling to accede to the notion that the Vietcong represented a rival government, he systematically harassed its representatives as well as those of Hanoi, refusing them diplomatic privileges, locking them into guarded compounds and even inspiring attacks against them by "spontaneous" mobs. He repressed press and political freedom in Saigon more than ever, and although his prisons are estimated to hold at least 40,000 political captives, he admitted to only about 5000, thus resisting a provision of the Paris agreement that calls for an exchange of civilian prisoners who, if freed, would reinforce the opposition to his government. Consistent with his view of himself as the sole ruler of South Vietnam, Thieu has rebuffed Communist demands that a constituent assembly be elected to write a new constitution and has insisted instead that elections be held under his own auspices. As D. Gareth Porter has pointed out, the US was prepared to exert pressure on Thieu to sign the Paris agreement, but it has done little since to persuade him to honor its terms. The result, which is taking shape at the moment, will be a return by the Communists to arms;

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Kissinger, now en route to Peking, will doubtless ask the Chinese to persuade Hanoi to abandon a military approach and go back to political struggle. The secretary of State probably plans to make the same request of the Russians, and he may figure that both they and the Chinese can curb the North Vietnamese by cutting back on supplies to Hanoi, as they did prior to the settlement last year. But the international situation has altered somewhat since, and Kissinger's expectations of big power cooperation may prove illusory. The North Vietnamese have been observing the Middle East crisis closely, and they can argue persuasively with the Kremlin that they deserve at least as much support as the Soviet Union gave to the Arabs. In addition they can certainly explain that, with the Nixon administration in disarray, their chances of escalating the war in relative safety are greatly improved. Moreover, with the dispute between Moscow and Peking continuing unabated, Hanoi can play the Russians and Chinese against each other, in their own favor.

But even without either Soviet or Chinese backing, the North Vietnamese are believed to have the means to sustain an offensive for six months, and unless new elements intervene to give them political potential in the South, the battlefield appears to be their only option. Mr. Nixon may be tempted to view a renewal of the war as a distraction from the woes of Watergate. But there is another side to that: a recrudescence of fighting in Vietnam will show his much-vaunted "peace with honor" to have been another exercise in public relations.

The Military's Stock Goes Up

Pentagon Mideast Dividend

by Michael Getler

It had been quiet around the Pentagon since August 15, when Congress forced an end to American bombing in Cambodia. In the ensuing weeks the biggest problem for the Defense Department was how to keep its budget from being slashed by a Congress weary from eight years of Vietnam and 25 years of a Cold War that seemed to be fading.

But an 18-day war in the Middle East has changed all that. Suddenly and unexpectedly another Arab-Israeli war—containing a heavy measure of Soviet involvement—has produced conditions that could lead to profound and durable shifts in American attitudes and policies on national defense. The prospects for change range from a return to more traditional skepticism of the Soviet Union, to a still higher defense budget, and to a further weakening of public support for keeping American troops in Europe.

All of these prospects should and will face some challenge, and it is too soon to tell just how much change is likely. But whatever one's personal opinion about the wisdom of these prospective shifts, there should be no doubt that several potentially far reaching trends have already been set in motion.

Overshadowing everything else is the certainty that a large and, for many, unexpected dose of poison has been dropped into the well of Soviet-American "détente." President Nixon, Secretary of State Kissinger and even Defense Secretary Schlesinger have all sought to portray the US-Soviet arranged cease-fire and hopes for a long-lasting Middle East peace as a tribute to the still considerable strengths of détente. But even if peace comes, which is far from certain, the failure to keep this volatile war from getting started and the actions of the Russians throughout the battle have privately disappointed and even jolted many top officials.

The Soviets armed the Arabs very heavily to begin with and mounted a quick air and sea resupply that showed every sign of being pre-planned. They encouraged other Arab nations to join when things seemed to be going well, and then apparently threatened to intervene unilaterally to enforce a cease-fire and prevent a humiliating defeat of the Russian-equipped Third Army of Egypt when things began to go badly. It can be argued that the Russians were simply acting as a big power. But in doing so they strengthened the hand here of the Pentagon, the top

MICHAEL GETLER *covers the Pentagon for* The Washington Post.

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military chiefs and those in Congress and among the public who have remained suspicious of Russian intentions and who have felt that the Soviets saw détente as a tactic to be exploited rather than a policy of substance.

The problem for the public, of course, is that there is no way to verify the extent of the Soviet threat to intervene. There was widespread initial skepticism that the President may have used this threat and a subsequent US military alert to draw attention away from Watergate. Afterward there appeared widespread willingness—even among skeptics in Congress such as Sen. Stuart Symington—to believe that the threat was serious. And there were enough overt Russian indications of toughness and trouble-making to convince many in the Pentagon and elsewhere that there would now be more public support for higher military readiness, despite the lingering withdrawal symptoms of Vietnam.

Among those apt to be strengthened in the aftermath of the fighting is Sen. Henry M. Jackson, an already powerful senator who is a strong supporter of Israel and strong critic of Soviet actions. Jackson is also the most effective spokesman in the Senate for a strong US military posture.

The joint chiefs have also begun quietly to capitalize on their traditional suspicions of détente. Ten days after the war started, they spoke out via the army's chief of staff, Gen. Creighton Abrams. "Détente . . . for some people evidently colors everything rose and turns their perceptions away from obvious threats," Abrams said in a Washington speech. Détente is a perception and not an "objective fact," he warned, and "perceptions can change very quickly." The chiefs' views have been well known. But they have generally not spoken out in more than token terms, and the choice of Abrams, who is a highly regarded field commander and one who rarely makes public statements, is significant.

Significant, too, may be the surprise call recently for the President's resignation from hardline columnist Joseph Alsop. Alsop cited "Lenin's Law" about "probing with bayonets . . . if steel is encountered withdraw; if mush is encountered continue." There are many who believe that the Russians did probe dangerously in the Middle East last month after finally taking seriously Mr. Nixon's domestic troubles. The President did respond with "steel," to continue the analogy, in the form of a global alert that included US nuclear forces. But around the Pentagon there are some who speculate that the Alsop column may have put into the public domain the fears of the military and civilian hawks; namely that Mr. Nixon, who remains a hardliner and their friend despite his efforts toward détente, has been so weakened politically that the Russians will continue to probe and that the President will not be able to convince anyone about the need for such things as a higher defense budget.

One of the remaining puzzles of the US military alert is precisely what role the President did play in ordering it. Three successive press conferences yielded different versions. Kissinger first said "the President . . . ordered certain precautionary measures to be taken" at 3 am on Oct. 24. Then Schlesinger said "the initial decision on the alert was made by myself at approximately 11:30" pm, earlier in the evening. Then the President said "I ordered, shortly after midnight on Thursday morning [Oct. 25], an alert for all American forces around the world."

Within the context of everything else that was said, it seems clear that the President was fully informed and at some point approved the alert. But meant to be read into the confusing public record may well be a signal to the Russians that the country can respond even if the President does not give the initial order.

Aside from the Soviet contribution, there are other reasons for the prospect of better fortunes around the Pentagon in the aftermath of this war. In Congress many Vietnam "doves" converted to Israeli "hawks," a transition which is not lost on the Pentagon and which tends to weaken the body of congressional critics who normally press for reductions in defense and overseas aid. On Oct. 18, in a speech to an AFL-CIO convention, Secretary Schlesinger noted that "there may be some irony that it has been typically those on the hill who have voted regularly to reduce defense expenditures who have most vigorously pressed the department to supply fully all of Israel's needs." "But there is not, and need not be," he added quickly, "any consistency in dovishness . . . and we welcome, whatever the reasons, greater understanding regarding why this nation maintains a defense establishment."

On Capitol Hill there was virtually no complaint heard when the White House sent up a $2.2 billion emergency request for Israeli arms (and adroitly tacked on $200 million for Cambodia). Five days after the war started, earlier cuts in the overall Pentagon weapons authorization bill were largely restored by the Armed Services Committees. Soon after the fighting stopped top Pentagon officials told newsmen there was now a possibility that this year's proposed $79 billion budget and next year's tentative $83 billion ceiling might have to go up, beyond the $2.2 billion already mentioned. The reason given was events in the Middle East, but there was a new wrinkle.

The need to rush massive amounts of arms to Israel quickly to counter Soviet arms pouring into Egypt and Syria had turned up, according to the Pentagon, some shortages—real and potential—in American stockpiles—especially artillery shells, bombs, other munitions and some new anti-tank missiles that the war showed worked very well. These will have to be replenished, and the $2.2 billion (of which Israel will pay back some still uncertain portion) will cover part of that. But in disclosing the stockpile situation, the

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Pentagon was opening two much broader questions: 1) whether US war reserves are adequate for our needs and 2) whether these stockpiles for the first time should be designed to fill sudden and large demands of an ally, not just Israel's.

Until now the US has relied on open production lines to gradually fill the needs of allies. But the huge amount of firing and losses by the Israelis in less than three weeks—and the fact that massive resupply was crucial to Israel's ability to counterattack confidently—has given planners a new equation. These planners say that during the war they were already worried about what would happen if the Arab actions were linked to renewed Soviet-backed pressure elsewhere at the same time, perhaps in Korea or Vietnam. The concern was heightened when US forces went on an alert of their own in the midst of shipping thousands of tons of equipment to Israel.

As in the case of trying to measure the real extent of Soviet moves, it is also hard for an outsider to judge the veracity of the stockpile problem, which could be very expensive. If it is real and not attended to, then it could pose a problem for Israel. When it comes to a question of still more arms for Israel or eroding US readiness, serious opposition to arms shipments can be expected from the Pentagon.

The Middle East war has also driven an unprecedented wedge into US relations with its NATO allies. An attempt will now be made to smooth this over, but serious strains remain. Politically European actions (with the exception of Portugal and the Netherlands) in not supporting US Middle East policy are easiest to understand. Europe is far more dependent on Arab oil than is the US, and many Europeans believe US policy has not been evenhanded and that Israel has become an occupier.

But from an American standpoint the crisis became a NATO problem as soon as it became a US-Soviet confrontation. The only way Israel can be defeated would be for the Russians to provide overwhelming military support and probably even direct involvement. A Soviet staged victory, in this view, would essentially put "the Russian hand on the tap of Arab oil," which would put NATO at the Soviets' mercy and make last month's European attitude look very shortsighted.

The biggest thorn was the West German foreign ministry statement demanding the US stop shipping American arms from Germany to Israel. Though much ballyhoo has been made of this publicly, the matter might never have come up if American ships, rather than Israeli ships, had been used to load tanks—an obvious embarrassment to the Germans who were trying to avoid antagonizing the Arabs. The Germans had said nothing while a few Israeli ships loaded and left German ports, but were forced to make a statement after the US loadings were reported in the press.

The question of how NATO perceives its interests and whether those are different from American perceptions is very real and was raised most dramatically during this crisis. The dispute could wind up increasing the number in Congress who would vote for some unilateral withdrawal of US troops from Europe.

The crisis also raised doubts of NATO cohesion. There are now European commanders who watched the US, in the name of détente, wait for several days before responding to a Soviet airlift and who wonder whether the US would act more quickly if they perceive threats in Europe.

The war itself turned the world's most ancient battlefield into a testing ground for the most modern clash of weapons technology we have witnessed. The arsenal planners in Moscow and Washington are already analyzing the results, with American technicians climbing all over the most advanced Russian T-62 tanks and SA-6 surface-to-air missiles captured by the Israelis and presented as an important prize to the Pentagon.

But the real turning points of this war, despite use of an unbelievable number of tanks and anti-aircraft missiles, were determined by tactics rather than hardware: the well-planned surprise crossing of the canal in force by the Egyptians, and the daring and eventually decisive counterthrust by the Israelis across the canal. American military men see grave failures by the Egyptians in not executing any plan beyond the initial crossing and in not sensing and reacting immediately to the implications of that first small Israeli task force that slipped behind Egyptian lines.

American officers have great respect for the Israeli armed forces. But that respect, by and large, is more professional than spiritual or ideological. "Israel is not the point," says one senior officer coldly. "It's where it is that's important. The Middle East exists as a resource and the question is whether anyone should be allowed to tamper with that by force or proxy."

Failure of the US to back Israel, in an attempt to appease the Arabs, would in the military view have had the effect of weakening American credibility everywhere else.

The Russians, in their view, understand things better than the Europeans. They prepared the Arabs for battle, but not well enough so they would be independent of Russian supplies once the fighting started. Maybe the Soviets planned it that way, or maybe they had no choice once the battle began. But the Russians, in this view, know that Middle East oil is still very much a Western vulnerability. "They can manipulate it without hurting themselves and can back off whenever they want. They probably want the Suez Canal opened so their fleet can get to the Persian Gulf."

"But," added one Pentagon general, "they probably don't really want to destroy Israel, because its existence gives us problems."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Iceman Cometh

(American Film Theatre)

Something over two years ago Ely Landau, a film producer and former TV producer, formed a company called the American Film Theatre. The basic idea was to build a national subscription audience for a series of films to be made from noted plays with noted actors and directors. The prior commitment by subscription would subsidize these low-budget films; and the films would help to fill the gap left by the virtual disappearance of the "road," a gap not filled completely, or unfailingly well, by the more than 40 resident theaters throughout the US.

The AFT plan, as Landau knew, ran counter to a federal decree against block-booking (a theater's being asked to buy a group of films, with no option to buy individual items in the group). There was to be a court hearing to plead for an exception to the decree. I was asked by the AFT's lawyers to be a witness for them, and on the basis of the projects they were ready to produce, I agreed. I was aware of the esthetic risks in film transcriptions of good plays—I had adversely reviewed Landau's own production of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Still, once in a long while a good film is made of a good play, like *Pygmalion* and *The Caretaker*. Most important, the subscription plan was essential to the financial security of the project, and I couldn't see why the law should arbitrarily prevent the addition of these eight projected films to the general mix available to the public. So I testified, along with witnesses on other aspects.

The legal exception was granted in May 1972, the AFT swung into action, and with the aid of a huge ad campaign, set up its subscription system while it was making its first films. About 500 theaters are selling subscriptions to the eight pictures, each of which will play for only two days in any one month in each locality. The country has been divided into seven zones, and the eight films will play in different sequence in different zones to obviate making 500 prints of each film.

Last summer the AFT invited the press to a program of excerpts from the films. I stayed away, unwilling to be prejudiced pro or con by a bill of Coming Attractions. Now the first three films have opened around the country. O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* is playing in two of the zones, Pinter's *The Homecoming* is in two others, and Albee's *A Delicate Balance* is in the remaining three. I have seen only the first.

Iceman runs four hours (two intermissions) and has therefore been cut. One character—Ed Mosher, the ex-circus man—has been eliminated, and a few of the longer speeches of others have been curtailed. I don't think that these changes hurt. I know that O'Neill said he *wanted* some things repeated 18 times in the play, but that doesn't automatically mean he was right—in theater terms. Shakespeare wanted Voltimand and Cornelius in *Hamlet*, but I've never missed them in the theater.

The prime concession one has to make, almost before one goes, is that this is not going to be a film at all. At best it's going to be like a good TV version of the play—with the camera doing its best to move pointedly or unobtrusively around the one set—which is precisely what it turns out to be. And it's easy to make the concession because, within the first few minutes, it's apparent that the cast is extraordinary, the color is right, and John Frankenheimer, the director, is profiting by his previous TV experience. Plus one more important reason: Sidney Lumet's film of *Long Day's Journey into Night* seemed cramped because it's a realistic play and Lumet's efforts to make it more so only nagged at it; *Iceman*, for all its insistence on the seediness of the derelicts in this 1912 New York saloon, is a symbolic play, and film disturbs it less. On screen we miss the "whole place" visual effect that can make *Iceman* a modern equivalent of a medieval morality play, but the film medium becomes only a further abstraction of a work that is fundamentally an abstraction to begin with.

Anyway, questions about the medium fade beside the general quality of the acting. Some of it, admittedly, is poor. Tom Pedi, who was Rocky the bartender in the very first production (1946), is even more mechanical here. Clifton James, an inveterate bad actor, is down to his usual standard as Pat McGloin, the crooked ex-cop. The former British and Boer officers are tedious characters—they supply the same colors over and over again—and Martyn Green and George Voskovec give them little nuance.

But most of the principals are fine. Bradford Dillman, who has not before been especially impressive, makes a first-class Willie Oban, the tremorous son of a Wall Street swindler. Sorrell Booke, who has always been impressive, gives the best performance I have seen of Hugo Kalmar, the crazy radical. Moses Gunn is solid as the black gambler, Joe Mott. Jeff Bridges does very well as Don Parritt, the young anarchist renegade. No human being could possibly be convincing in those bursts of contrapuntal confession that O'Neill gives Parritt through Hickey's final speeches; it is flatly impossible. But until then Bridges plays with subtle shading and thorough conviction. The late Robert Ryan, who never became quite the actor he could have been, gives a sterling performance as Larry Slade, the embittered ex-anarchist. Inevitably his many lines about his desire to die now take on an added pang.

Beloved Fredric March, that handsome man, that excellent actor, plays the sodden old saloon-keeper, Harry Hope. I never expected to see another Harry Hope as good as the first one, Dudley Digges. March is just as good—even better on points, perhaps, because Digges was Irish to begin with and not handsome. March is a wonderfully wise old film-theater animal, making his way surely through the mysteries of re-creation with all the skill of an old stalker,

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

American Graffiti. Small-town adolescents in the '60s. George Lucas transcends banality with cinematic insight.

Day for Night. Truffaut's best in some years, a valentine to filmmaking with some good filmmaking in it.

The Long Goodbye. Elliott Gould as a spoof-serious private eye, out of Raymond Chandler via Robert Altman's wit.

The New Land. Jan Troell, Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow complete the Swedish-American epic they began with *The Emigrants*. Bravo.

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Fine Print

For Christmas Giving

Doris Grumbach

Books available for purchase at this time of year are distinguished by two things – their size and their cost. If in addition they can be said to be instructive or useful or significant textually, that is an added virtue. Much of what is offered as appropriate for Christmas gifts is impoverished make-ready, conspicuous consumption, plastic, synthetic and contrived. What I have found that is of value I have listed here (breaking my rule of not including the price), with the understanding that the list is not exhaustive, and that the reader will doubtless find others of equal merit if he browses for himself in bookstores.

Theater: for some reason this year's most populated category. Lovers of nostalgia will find Dodd, Mead's *Starring Fred Astaire*, a handsome, admiring book full of the details of a 65-year career ($22.50). The Gershwins figured prominently in fall publishing: *The Gershwins* by Robert Kimball and Alfred Simon (Atheneum; $25) is a fine buy. Besides voluminous pictures and a full, complete listing of all productions in which the two brothers were involved there are texts of many of the better-known lyrics.

The Gershwin Years by Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart (Doubleday; $12.95) contains more text but still a generous supply of pictures. A new edition, with much supplementary material including bibliography and some songs and biographical data discovered since the first edition in 1958. Grosset & Dunlap has published *The Great Movies* by William Bayer ($14.95 before Jan. 1), distinguished by full color and black-and-white reproductions of scenes from 60 movies in 12 categories, chosen by Bayer as "the best." Heavily weighted toward American films of the past 30 years, it is still a lovely book for lovers of flicks. You may carp with some of Bayer's selections but not with the quality of the reproductions or the amount of warm nostalgia they evoke.

Shakespeare on the Stage (Little-Brown; $15) by the accomplished English actor, Robert Speaight, is an instructive, profusely illustrated history of Shakespearean performances beginning with the bard himself at the Globe and ending with Peter Brook's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Margins are narrow and unostentatious, the book clipped to reading size, the whole a pleasure to read. Norton has issued a loving testimonial to the present's love of the past (at least in the theater), *The Marx Brothers Scrapbook* by Groucho and Richard J. Anobile ($13.95). It is just that, plus some rather self-laudatory reviews. Fine for Marx Brothers aficionados, of which there must be Palaces and Orpheums full, but *not* underage aficionados for whom four-letter words by Groucho (now almost 84 years old) may come as a surprise. From the same publisher, a fine book for the symphony-music lovers, with a valuable text by Philip Hart titled *Orpheus in the New World* ($15). Hart takes six orchestras and six key managerial persons as his starting points for informative if somewhat stodgy prose, and ends with a cultural study of the orchestra in the United States.

Sports: second most popular group. Here my authority flags, my comments become an amateur's. The late, great Vince Lombardi (I know enough for that!) has been done up brown by the New York Graphic Society (*Vince Lombardi on Football*, 2 volumes, boxed; $19.95). Red Smith calls the two volumes "Vince's text on how to do the job as well as he did it," so it is a prime present for the obsessed husband, lover or friend, and an equally instructive gift, full of descriptively captioned pictures *and* blackboard diagrams, for the traditionally ignorant wife-mistress-friend.

A book on *The Horse* that examines the *equus caballus* of early man through mythology, history, sports, literature, etc. For the teenaged girl, and of course other horse-lovers, whose entire devotion at the moment is to the occupants of stables, and everyone else with Saratoga and Aqueduct in their blood. The paper and printing are fine, the layout most elegant (Grosset & Dunlap; $14.95).

Lovers of old cars will want Gianni Rogliatti's book of pictures (375 in good color and black-and-white) and specifications in Madison Square Press' book *Great Collectors Cars* ($14.95). His use of museums of old cars all over the world for his material makes this book almost encyclopedic. If there are any great oldies missing, I couldn't spot them.

Places: My choice for the book I would most want given to me is *Westminster Abbey* (Annenberg School Press, Doubleday; $35). Magnificent to look at, accompanied by an informative text, it is heavier and almost bigger than a coffeetable, and so might be hard to place. Proof of its desirability is that the volume was "liberated" from my desk while I was still reviewing it. It may have to be chained to the leg of your coffeetable. *The Alps* (Ronald W. Clark, Knopf; $15.95) is smaller and less pretentious but still an authentic *book*. The photographs are superior, but there are many of them and, together with the text, they evoke most successfully those superb mountains and mountain villages. You may know Grosset & Dunlap's (Madison Square Press) series, *Monuments of Civilization*. Two additions to it, *Japan* (Adolpho Tamburello) and *Maya* (P. Ivanoff) $19.95 each, are well worth the admission price and more. These books are printed in Italy where much of the US's excellent color work is done, and the quality of reproduction is often breathtaking. The volumes have the added value of authoritative texts: the Uxmal section in *Maya*, for instance, is as good a short explication of that civilization's art and architecture as any I have seen. These are more than coffeetable books – they are fine library additions, perhaps. Alistair Cooke's TV series, like Sir Kenneth Clark's, ended in a literate, chatty, most readable volume called *America* (Knopf; $15). His picture choice begins with drawings and paintings of pre-colonial America and culminates in a highly personal epilogue containing a wonderful picture of a communal family. Never scholarly, always accurate, the breezy tone of Englishman Cooke's tour of America, geographically and historically, is exactly right for easy yet solid reading. *Antigua Black:* Portrait of an Island People, by Margo and Gregson Davis (Scrimshaw; $27.50) is physically a beautiful book, a credit to this relatively new San Francisco-based press. I have no way of telling how accurately the text, which is carefully done, conveys sociological and historical truth about the island's rural population, but it is appealing and unpretentious. Included are some (unknown to me) beautiful engravings of the island by

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19th-century William Clark; the color work here is superior. A genuine moneysworth.

Unclassified: The country is almost as full of chess enthusiasts as Marx Brothers fans. For them, and for any literate reader, Harold C. Schonberg's *Grandmasters of Chess* (Lippincott; $10) is choice and prime. Schonberg, as almost no one needs to be told, is both senior music critic for the *Times* and an excellent reporter on chess: he covered the Spassky-Fischer chess match for his paper, and made what must have been difficult reporting lucid and readable. He does the same thing in this beautifully produced book for the history of the game and its great practitioners. He includes descriptions of complete games, photographs I have never seen before, as well as a good bibliography. Absorbing. An oddity but of interest is Abrams' elegant book, *The New Patron of the Arts*. Authored by Gideon Chagy for the Business Committee for the Arts, it came to me with no price attached. It is this committee's fourth book; all of them display, in good-looking illustration and full text, the mutual benefits of the arts to business, and of course, business to the arts. There is a lesson here too: that Big Bad business is not all that bad.

People: No one needs to be sold on the work of Alfred Eisenstaedt. In Viking Press' new *People* ($17.95), the great *Life* photographer talks briefly and candidly about his experiences and then produces chronological testimony to his genius. Most of the people photographed are notable; all of the photographs are fine. Donald McCullin's *Is Anyone Taking Any Notice?* is in one sense not a gift book. It is not easy or pleasant to look at, although the pictures are beautifully printed. But they are soul-searing visions of tragedy, "the human condition and our responsibility for it." In 11 sections, dealing with such areas of destruction as Biafra, Calcutta, Ireland, Vietnam, they tell an unremitting story of human waste, suffering and death. The text is part the author's, part Solzhenitzyn, but the photographs tell their own, self-evident story. After looking through this book you will not be able to help but take notice (MIT Press; $14.95). Virginia Cowles' *The Rothschilds:* a Family of Fortune (Knopf; $15) is primarily biography, and well told biography at that, also full of photos, paintings and drawings, some in full color. It *looks* like an art book, has the added virtue of a good text. Equally readable is *Tchaikovsky* by John Warrack (Scribner's; $14.95). The first biography of the composer in years, this one is well written, lavishly illustrated (32 full-color plates, numerous black-and-white ones), and carefully documented with lists of works, bibliography, etc. A book to look at, read, study. *Catherine de' Medici*, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Viking; $16.95) is in the same genre: well and informatively written, and plentifully supplied with illustrations, the color especially notable. For history buffs, as are *The Writers' America* and *The Artists' America* (Marshall B. Davisson, each $16.95 before Jan. 1), and both from American Heritage. These are books tailored to fit a subject, sometimes a bit tortuously, but they are still handsome to look at and at least superficially informative.

Cookbooks: always appear, like goodwill, at this time of year. I liked three especially, after looking at tens: *Beard on Bread* by James Beard (Knopf; $7.95) because it is a good buy, a well designed and illustrated book, and because the 100 recipes seem easy for me to follow.

Virginia Maclean's *Much Entertainment* (Liveright; $10) because it follows Samuel Johnson and James Boswell through Scotland in 1773, using Rowlandson's engravings (and others) to accompany the recipes. A charming book. Third, *The Hundred Glories of French Cooking* by Robert Courtine (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.50 before Christmas), another book with charm. Every one of the 100 recipes is preceded by a history of the dish and accompanied by appropriate woodcuts, paintings, photographs.

Art: High-priced (Random House; $25) and of much value is *American Masters* by Brian O'Doherty, with fine photographs by Hans Namuth, a handsome presentation of the *persona* of eight artists, their work, often their voices and pictures of them at work. Studies of Hopper, Pollock, De Kooning, Rothko, Wyeth, among others. *African Art:* The Years Since 1920 by Marshall Ward Mount (Indiana University Press; $12.50). A lovely, scholarly book that does for modern African art what few have done before, stressing the influence of Western art on these works. A few color plates, well printed, a great many black-and-white illustrations and a fine text. Phaidon's (and Praeger's) *The Symbolists* (Philippe Jullian; $25 until Jan. 1) is another that traces the growth of French symbolism in art and literature from its roots in Pre-Raphaelite art until its disappearance into surrealism. Hundreds of extraordinary plates. Finally, a curiosity: David Douglas Duncan's *Prismatics* (Harper & Row; $22.50). These are intriguing photographs shot with prisms and exotic lenses (an appendix gives the professional photo data) of places, streets, cathedrals, persons, resulting in the photograph as canvas—or prismatics. Provocative and lovely to look at.

Rats

To rid your barn of rats
You need a watertight
Hogshead two-thirds full
You scatter your cornmeal
On the water
Scattered as though all
The barrel held was meal
And lean a plank against the rim
And then lay down—

This is *important*

—A wooden chip the size
To keep one rat afloat.
He'll rid your barn of rats
He'll leap into your meal
He'll sink he'll swim then he'll
See the chip
He'll slither aboard and squeal
And another rat beneath your eaves
Will stop
and listen,
And climb down to that barrel
And walk that plank and smell
The meal and see meal
And one rat
He'll hear that rat squeal
I'll get mine he'll think and he'll
Leap in and sink and swim
He'll scramble on that chip

—Now watch him!—

He'll shove the first rat down
In the water till he'll drown
He'll rid your barn of rats
He'll shiver and he'll squeal
And a rat up on your rafter
Will hear,
and stop,
and start
Down the beam
Coming after
With one intent as in a dream—

He'll rid your barn of rats.

DANIEL HOFFMAN

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Two Great Satirists

A Last Encore
words by Noel Coward
pictures from his life and times
edited by John Hadfield
(Little, Brown; $12.95)

Evelyn Waugh and His World
edited by David Pryce-Jones
(Little, Brown; $12.95)

When a passage in an irreverent novel by Evelyn Waugh was condemned as heartless, Waugh replied, "Several writers whose opinion I respect have told me that they regard this as a disagreeable incident. It was meant to be. The story deals with the conflict of civilization, with all its attendant and deplorable ills, with barbarism." However mischievous or mordant his humor was, it was always with that same end in view. Noel Coward, whose longer career overlapped the Waugh years at both ends, might have explained the lighter cynicism of his own comedies also as the conflict of civilization—"with all its attendant and deplorable ills"—with barbarism, and the qualified sympathy with "civilization" suggested in the criticism implies the deep-rootedness of the nostalgic strain that permeates the work of both great satirists.

Neither Evelyn Waugh nor Noel Coward was born into the upper-class world toward which they aspired and which their successes made available to them. While Coward made the transition from unpretentious Teddington with the nonchalance of the born actor, Waugh's ascension from Golders Green was an ordeal that left him insecure and uncomfortable all his life. When Waugh was the moneyed but tax-bled squire of Piers Court (and Coward was dividing his time between tax havens in Switzerland and Jamaica), friends used to joke that in Evelyn's youth he used to toil up the hill to Hampstead so that his letters might bear a more distinguished postmark. Yet his father, Chapman & Hall editor and critic Arthur Waugh, was able to send him to public school and to Hertford College—a "respectable but dreary" college at Oxford. For Coward there would be no college. A boy actor, he recalled in a lyric that each autumn for him was "filled . . . with peculiar joys / So different from those of other boys, / For other boys would be counting the days / Until end of term and holidays times. / But I was acting in Christmas plays. . . ." The experience seasoned but did not sour him.

Waugh's cantankerous letters and misanthropic diaries (extracts from the latter appeared in *The Observer* of London earlier this year) are evidence that the milieu he satirized in his novels, and Coward in his plays and lyrics, did exist. The new *Evelyn Waugh and His World*—another of the recently fashionable collections of biographical essays and illustrations about a recent contemporary—adds further corroboration, and *A Last Encore*, 47 Coward song lyrics set to pictures in lieu of music, might in many ways illustrate Waugh's fiction. Since their world has largely disappeared, the works of both writers constitute one of its more lively museums. Both give witness, Coward with benign acceptance, Waugh with a reluctant rear-guard action that included conversion to Catholicism, lapses into alcoholism, and the determined pose that he belonged by birth to the charmed circle of landowners and hereditary nobility. To him that circle embodied the traditional English virtues he saw disappearing and which he examined with unclouded vision in his masterpiece, *A Handful of Dust* (1934).

Once a fashionable novelist, Waugh was discovered by the fashionable world itself, and having exploded the society of effete and vicious snobs in his early books he set about aping what he felt were their redeeming virtues, best seen in the comfortable philistinism of country houses and traditional religion. He wanted his mid-Victorian manse furnished and decorated in heavy, period ugliness as if many generations of his forebears had lived in it and passed it on to him; the most revealing photographs in *Evelyn Waugh and His World* show the new lord of the manor pretending he had always been a part of the value system. Having become anti-proletarian he went on to become anti-ecumenical, not only going over to Rome but "very pointedly" (as Douglas Woodruff writes) to its most reactionary element, restricting the term of *Christian* to *Catholic*, eventually seeing Pope John XXIII as a dangerous radical.

In wartime Waugh abandoned the wildly absurd satire of his rise to fame. In officer's uniform (and with dapperly thin mustache) he was eager for action and courageous when it came, but he was also impossible under military discipline even when his supplies of cigars and whiskey were ample; the Earl of Birkenhead's account of surviving not only Tito's partisans and Hitler's besiegers in Yugoslavia but his fellow officers Randolph Churchill and Evelyn Waugh should be required reading for both their future biographers. Waugh novelized his wartime experiences in the Guy Crouchback trilogy, *Sword of Honour*, which he took too seriously because he took himself too seriously.

Demobilized, he regretted that the custom of the first war, when those who had held temporary commissions continued to use the title thus filling society with captains and majors, had been discontinued. He also regretted what political changes had occurred. "The French called the occupying German army 'the gray lice,'" he observed. "That is precisely how I regard the occupying army of the Socialist Government." He had no better words for America, which he visited when his artistically embarrassing but commercially successful novel *Brideshead Revisited* was being considered by Hollywood (only to have its script ironically vetoed by the militant Catholic Legion of Decency). There would be a silver (and even a gold) lining: the macabre and best-selling exposure of American innocence and emptiness, *The Loved One*. It was the younger, absurdist Waugh revived. As Malcolm Bradbury puts it in his essay on Waugh and his comic vision of America—one of the two worthwhile critical pieces in the book—the novel is "not an aristocratic dismissal of American vulgarities. Waugh is clearly deeply involved and immersed in American experience—just like his hero, Dennis Barlow, who at the end of the book car-

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ries back 'the artist's load, a great shapeless chunk of experience; bearing it home to his ancient and comfortless shore. . . .' "

In his last decade Waugh settled into isolation and insomnia, producing a curmudgeonly self-portrait in middle age in the autobiographical novel *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957) and a wry and appealing account of his formative years, *A Little Learning* (1962). When he could return to his placid childhood and frenetic youth, nostalgia softened his peevish disillusionment with the modern world. But the aversion could not be exorcised by calling up the past. Writing for the London *Sunday Times* in the early 1960s on "sloth" as part of a series on the seven deadly sins, Waugh began by quoting Thomas Aquinas on "*tristia de bono spirituali*, sadness in the face of spiritual good. Man is made for joy in the love of God, a love he expresses in service. If he deliberately turns away from that joy, he is denying the purpose of his existence." "No one who had read *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, or the memoirs of Waugh's friends," writes David Lodge, "can doubt that this was the sin that tempted him in later years—as indeed he all but confesses in his conclusion: 'It is in that last undesired decade, when passion is cold, appetites feeble, curiosity dulled, and experience has begotten cynicism, that *accidia* lies in wait as the final temptation to destruction.' "

If any of the seven deadly sins can be fastened upon Noel Coward, they seem unlikely to have been the ones to which his fellow satirist succumbed. Sloth and despair were alien to his nature. He wrote more than 50 plays, many with his own music and lyrics. The Bright Young Things he and Waugh had savaged disappeared in the Depression and evil economic times disappeared in a new war and the London Blitz, but Coward could still write wry and engaging lyrics. He could write, joyfully, "There Are Bad Times Just around the Corner," and he could write of "The Stately Homes of England," to which Waugh aspired. "How beautiful they stand, / To prove the upper classes / Have still the upper hand; / Though the fact that they have to be rebuilt / And frequently mortgaged to the hilt / Is inclined to take the gilt / Off the gingerbread, / And certainly damps the fun / Of the eldest son. . . ." He could write casually, as one who knew at first hand, "I've Been to a Marvellous Party," where "Everyone's here and frightfully gay, / Nobody cares what people say, / Though the Riviera / Seems much queerer / Than Rome at its height. . . ." But he could also locate lower-class virtues in the local pub, where "If you find that you're / Weary of life / With your trouble and strife / And the kids have got you down, / It will all come right / On Saturday night / At the Rose and Crown." Even as he grew older and more distant in life-style from the local pub, he could still celebrate, unlike Waugh at Piers Court or (later) Combe Florey, proletarian values. In "London Is a Little Bit of All Right" (1962) he confirmed the sentimental revelation of the war years, when returning to the city made him "a tourist in my own home."

War for Coward meant writing his sagas of sea and of home front, and living them. He was torpedoed in the Atlantic and blitzed in London, and *In Which We Serve* and *Brief Encounter* described English qualities of pluck and patience. For those who preferred forgetting the war he quickly—in six days—turned out a drawing-room farce in the old manner, *Blithe Spirit*. It ran for 1997 performances. His lyric bent had remained active; for English revues he wrote such uplifting songs as "London Pride" ("Stay, city, / Smokily enchanted, / Cradle of our memories and hopes and fears"). No *tristia de bono spirituali* infected him. Life had to be examined with a congenial cynicism, but it also had to be lived. "When I was one and twenty," he explained in *Future Indefinite* (1954), "I was ambitious, cheerful and high-spirited . . . and was briskly unaware that I belonged to a dying civilization. Today this dubious implication is pitched at me from all directions. Despair is the new religion, the new mode; it is in the books we read, the music we hear, and very much too often, it is in the plays we see. Well, I am no longer one and twenty . . . I am still ambitious and cheerful, and not offensively high-spirited and still unaware that I belong to a dying civilization. . . ."

Much earlier in his patriotic pageant *Cavalcade* (1931), which had lifted spirits in a bleak period, he was realistic enough to include the question, "Why is it that civilized humanity / Must make this world so wrong? / In this hurly-burly of insanity / Our dreams cannot last long. . . . / Blues, / Twentieth Century Blues, / Are getting me down." But it was Evelyn Waugh whom the Twentieth Century Blues got down, Noel Coward writing instead,

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"Nothing can last for ever, / Settle for now or never, / Waste no regrets / On moments that are past, / Nothing can ever last."

"Very occasionally," Waugh once ominously began a review in the 1930s, "it is worth noticing a bad book at some length, if only to give hitherto reputable publishers a reminder that they must not be insolent in what they try and put over on a public already stupefied by literary over-production." Little, Brown is the culprit in both current instances, and Waugh is thus their posthumous victim. Significant and even entertaining critics of our civilization can nevertheless be subjects of inferior books and often are. The Bradbury and Lodge essays in the Waugh volume are fine criticism and the Birkenhead contribution a valuable memoir. The illustrations are among the plus elements of the book, particularly Waugh's own drawings and the revealing photographs of the private man. Still the whole is equal to the sum of its parts, and the other parts are embarrassingly inadequate, ranging from piety to gossip.

A Last Encore has the compensation of Coward's words. Whether satirical, as in "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," or sentimental, as in "I'll See You Again," he had an uncanny sense of timing and taste. His lyrics became a seismograph of a half-century of social history. Yet not here, where chronology is ignored, and the illustrations ("chosen solely as photographic images of the social climate") sometimes violate place as well as time.

Each autumn nonbooks seem to drive out authentic ones as we approach the season for concern over what to buy Aunt Caroline for Christmas. The Waugh and Coward nonbooks may make brief appearances on her coffee-table, and then on the remainder counter. They represent embalming rather than publication, however superficially attractive the result. The redeeming fact is that neither diminishes Coward and Waugh as interpreters of a time they shared and satirized, in their separate ways.

Stanley Weintraub

COMING

Harry Harootunian on Mishima

Peter Meinke on New Poetry

Failed Experiment

Storefront Day Care Centers edited by an Authors' Collective translated by Catherine Lord and Renée Neu Watkins

(Beacon Press; $9.95)

"Freedom to masturbate is still a bourgeois privilege!" Any revolutionary who could conceive of that slogan as a way to make workers aware of their misery has got to be humorless or foolish or self-righteous or arrogant or all of those things. The collective which edited this book, and the people whose struggle for "revolutionary education" this fascinating and appalling book details, are all of those things.

Early in 1968 the West Berlin Women's Liberation Action Group of SDS organized a number of storefront day care centers. Funded initially by the government, the experiment stemmed, according to its founders, "not from our asking 'How can we better raise our children?' but from the questions, 'How can we ourselves do more political work?' and 'How can we do revolutionary work in education to mobilize people?' "

In fact they never mobilized anybody. (Nor did they accidentally stumble on a better way to raise their children.) The young women whose hope it was that the centers would free them from the burden of obsessive child care found, after three noisy, quarrelsome years, that "the amount of work in most of the centers left them no time and energy for other commitments"; and working-class people, into whose neighborhoods they hoped to bring storefront centers, were having none of it.

It is hardly surprising that working-class parents did not take kindly to such imperatives as this: "If a child is particularly interested in feces and perhaps wants to give them away as a present, we should not terminate his interest by simply disposing of the excrement." Or this: "One must not retreat from the angry child, but instead let things take their course, even if it means being vigorously hit sometimes." The experiment was not only doomed to fail, it deserved to fail: The storefront "revolutionaries" are, after all, people who acknowledge in one breath that they have "no knowledge of the worker's life" and announce in the next breath their plan to open up a "Center for Sexual Politics" in which to "educate" those workers about whose daily and psychic realities they admittedly know nothing.

The parents whose muddle-headed idea this all was are genuinely stricken by their inability to reach workers through the day care centers. They are much less exercised over their failure to provide a viable preschool education for their own children—this for a variety of reasons, one of which is their luxuriant (and self-indulgent) sense of guilt for being "privileged and middle-class," and for having privileged, middle-class children who would not have to be fed into a damaging repressive school system. As one reads the magazine articles, SDS pamphlets and political speeches with which this narrative is interspersed, one cannot but conclude (always provided one's eyes don't glaze over) that their children were offered up as sacrifices to assuage their guilt, and that their "educational theories" were an eccentric rebellious acting out against their own upbringings, masquerading, sanctimoniously, as revolution.

The children—aged three to six—were the victims also of the ideologues' inability to make clear to themselves, and to demonstrate in practice, the connection (if indeed there is one) between infantile/child sexuality and politics. Believing that "repression of sexuality helps maintain the authoritarian nuclear family and the capitalist system," the founders of the day care centers (who owe more to Reich than to Marx) tried, by providing "total instinct gratification" for the children, to raise children who would grow up to be revolutionaries capable of self-discipline and renunciation. (One may sympathize with the substance—if not the style—of their diatribes against authoritarian, repressive education; nevertheless these very "radicals" who are elegiac about the virtues of a six-year-old's "regressing to an anal stage" were themselves brought up repressively—*they* were toilet-trained and *they* were forbidden to masturbate, and *they* are "revolutionaries"—so what *is* the connection?)

Here is an example of how the day care center founders combined "revolutionary actions" with "total instinct gratification" (the founders call this the

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"Finest Hour of the Storefront Day Care Centers"):

> Forty children and 30 parents from nearly every Socialist day care center in West Berlin . . . wrecked the *spotless* editorial offices of *Stern* [the liberal German magazine whose investigative reports charged that the storefront centers were chaotic, filthy and orgiastic]. . . . After the children got over their initial inhibitions in this *antiseptic* world of the *Stern* whitewash artists, they began painting the walls, knocking over wastebaskets, pounding on typewriters, trying out a fire extinguisher, practicing music—in general, *by noise and movement, creating an environment that satisfied their basic needs.* The *Stern* journalist . . . offered some cookies instead of the cake they had promised, and . . . [the children] left the offices with a few pieces of booty. [Italics mine.]

I am reminded of the Edwardian bullies who lit fires under chimney sweeps—children whose size and defenselessness uniquely qualified them for the nasty job—in order to physically prod them into the dark and dirty, dangerous unknown. Obviously this was not a spontaneous action on the part of four-year-olds.

Children cannot be required to do adult's hard work or dirty work or dangerous work. Adults can make the decision to be responsible for children and to protect them; children cannot choose to be responsible for adults. It is for this reason that children, while endowed with no less humanity than adults, are not in any workable sense the "equals" of adults. The founders' fantasy of an equalitarian "child-parent collective" is ridiculous to begin with, reduced to absurdity by the *Stern* exercise in vandalism, an example of adults' exploiting and abusing children by using *them* as protection.

When the founders say that "noise and movement" enabled the kids to create "an environment that satisfied their basic needs," they assume, of course, that children "need" disorders and "need" to act out uncontrolled aggression, an assumption that weighs as heavily with them as the conviction that cleanliness is next to Godliness and therefore to be despised. All the founders' assumptions and all their convictions rest upon their determination to smash the nuclear family, which they see as absolutely evil, the agent for preparing children psychologically for "competitive capitalism." It does not seem to have occurred to them that, while the family may indeed act to maintain the status quo, it may also function as a unit for resistance and struggle, as well as a psychological refuge. Thus "if we let the child direct his anger against the teacher," they say, "without incurring punishment [kids used their teachers' heads as targets for blocks], perhaps he can then grasp the objective motive for his hostility and we can encourage him to direct his aggression at its true target, his parents." Getting off on masochism is one thing; it is quite another that these parents never asked themselves whether a child's psyche could endure these extremities of hostility and rage. Children, as any parent or teacher must know, are often terrified by their own anger and propensity for violence. Angry children need—ask—often to be calmed and gentled and loved, to be protected from, not egged on to, acts that alarm and horrify them. They do not want to be all-powerful. One must ask how throwing forks at their fathers prepares children to be grown-up individuals "able . . . to renounce egoism for the sake of freedom of others, and, at least partially, to repress themselves to ensure that freedom for each individual coincides with freedom of others." The dynamics of the transformation from child-tyrant to disciplined adult is something the day care people fail to explain.

Sanctioning aggressive behavior was one principle of the day care centers; "affirmation of children's sexuality" was another. Protesting that the detailing of sexual practices in the centers might be subject to "misinterpretation," the authors leave much—but not all—to our imagination: "If children stick things into vagina or anus or poke around with their fingers, etc., parents often, because of their own problems, will be disgusted or want to avoid the sight, feelings which they rationalize as concern for the children's safety. . . . If children are careful, they can . . . play with each other's genitals; working out the awareness of sexual differences (penis envy) can thus be eased. . . ." Anyone who isn't sufficiently turned off by this may wish to read, in the January 1973 issue of *Liberation*, a detailed account of sexual practices within Kommune 2 in Berlin. This commune was a precurser of the day care centers; its members were among the organizers of the storefronts. In order to "affirm children's sexuality," adult males stroked the vaginas of four-year-olds, and allowed four-year-old girls to try to insert adult penises in their vaginas.

It is indeed amazing that women who wished to be "liberated" tolerated this kind of craziness. While the impetus for the centers came from women (two women and one man are responsible for this book), the women have clearly bought every tenet of Freud's that leads to the subordination and degradation of women—penis envy, the Oedipal complex, the notion that passivity is a female trait and aggression a male trait—they have bought it all, they act upon it all. An experiment designed to liberate women for political activities turned out to be a phallic happening.

It is of course true that most of our educational systems are elitist, authoritarian or just plain crummy. It is certainly true that most children are not educated to be critically aware. It is also true that middle-class children who are lucky enough to be in nonrepressive schools need to confront social realities and to understand the injustices of our society. I don't think it necessarily follows, however, that parents need to program themselves to self-destruct—to abdicate, that is, their own responsibility to raise creative, aware (and loved) children. When aggression is celebrated and sex is turned into a consumer commodity freely available to children and adults in a grab-what-you-can-while-the-sale-is-on supermarket atmosphere, we are as far from revolution as we are from sanity.

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

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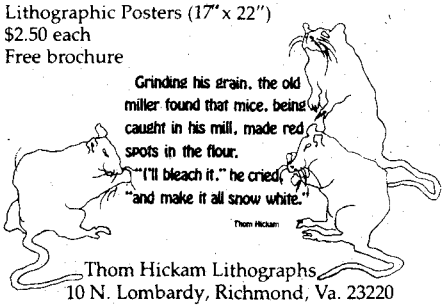
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The Army Now

Defeated: Inside America's Military Machine
by Stuart H. Loory

(Random House; $10)

The dangers of a victorious army to civil rule have been well noted. Less well understood are the threats a defeated army poses to republican government. The armed forces of the United States were badly mauled in Indochina by what some officials used to call "a fourth-rate, peasant state." Massive bombing of North Vietnam devastated much of the land and killed thousands of people but failed utterly to break that nation's "will to resist." Combat on the ground resulted in heavy casualties on both sides without decisive result.

Ironically many officers saw in the early American advisory effort and initial combat role in South Vietnam a golden opportunity to test the weapons and tactics of counterinsurgency. Vietnam was to be "our Spain," as one officer said to me. Now a decade and 55,000 American dead later, the architects of that intervention live in obscurity—disgrace, some say—while a drug-ridden, racially divided and ill-prepared military sits in garrison at home and abroad.

While we now know the political and military miscalculations that led us into a war we could not win, generals do not readily admit mistakes. The talk of the embittered officer is marked by the phrase "if only." "If only we had put a quarter million more infantry in South Vietnam. . . ." "If only we had invaded the North. . . ." I recall one air force pilot who was particularly distressed because we had not used nuclear weapons to close Mu Gia Pass. The political repercussions of doing this concerned him less than stopping the steady flow of trucks that used the pass on their way south. To him air power had not failed; we had simply not used the right weapons.

Instead of facing its failure in Vietnam, the military variously believes one of two things: it did not fail, and if there was a failure, it was not the military's. The first statement is implicit in the air force's insistence that its bombing of North Vietnam was "decisive." To this end the service cranks up its propaganda machine to induce sympathetic publications to spread the word. A few months ago, for instance, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* ran exclusive, official photographs to show how devastating, yet accurate, was last year's Christmas bombing of Hanoi. With $6 billion in the budget for aircraft procurement, the services clearly have a demonstrably large stake in the myth that air power was decisive in Indochina. Though hardly commendable, that attitude is understandable in the context of bureaucratic self-interest. If one separates the claims of the military's advertisers from the product's actual performance, one will find this first belief poses no serious threat to society.

Not so the second. Along with the sort of thinking characterized by the phrase "if only" goes the appointing of scapegoats: politicians who tied the hands of the generals, a permissive society that let its military down to pursue its own decadent pleasures. The "stab-in-the-back" psychology played an important part in the German upheavals that followed Versailles and ultimately led to the rise of Hitler. While the danger of a military coup d'état in the United States seems minuscule, the development of a separate military ethos and further isolation from the larger society would be unwelcome as well as unhealthy.

If men were angels, to borrow Madison's words, there would be no need for governments or armed forces. But men are not, so America's defeated army must be rebuilt; doing that will require an assessment of its institutional weaknesses. If I were charged with compiling a required reading list for military officers and civilian officials faced with that task, Stuart Loory's new book would be near the top. While the army in the wake of Vietnam has proved an easy target for journalistic arrows, there have been too few reporters, too many pseudo-analysts. In this volume Loory has undertaken a broadly gauged examination of America's worldwide armed forces, an assessment of the damage done to the machine by Vietnam.

"A generation of yes men" is what he calls the officer corps. Although officers tend to entertain romantic self-images, they are in truth less warriors than bureaucrats. Most young men who have earned their commissions at a service academy or in a college ROTC unit enter the military with an idealistic desire to

ROBERT J. MYERS

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—Victor Gold, *Former Press Secretary to Vice President Agnew*

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s ve their country. In time most find that their skill in arms or knowledge of technology is not nearly so important as a talent for bureaucratic intrigue. Success is measured by rank. Instead of specializing in artillery or aeronautics, the military encourages them to be jacks-of-all-trades. Officers who excel in the cockpit are moved into desk jobs while their paper-shuffling peers replace them on the flight line. One can try to buck the system and remain in a specialized field, but such personal devotion to competence is rarely rewarded. If the specialist is lucky, he may retire a knowledgeable colonel while his less expert, but more ambitious, generalist friends become generals.

One exceptionally insightful chapter discusses the grossly inflated fitness reports that make or break a man's career. It is appropriately titled: "'The Best Officer I Have Ever Seen.'" Merely to be in the running for normal or accelerated promotion, an officer must be rated "outstanding" (one out of 100) or "exceptional" (two out of 100). To kill a career, a senior officer need not write a bad fitness report; all he has to do is rate his subordinate "excellent." Because perhaps 75 percent of the officer corps will have been rated in the top three percent, "excellent" will be interpreted to mean mediocre. With survival and advancement so dependent on good relations with the boss, an officer's first allegiance is more likely to be to his superior rather than to his men. To succeed in the American officer corps, one must be more courtier than warrior.

Another part of the book, fittingly titled "a generation of exploited men," concerns enlisted troops. In spite of the deceptive advertising that "the modern army wants to join you," living conditions in the armed forces remain terrible. Here and overseas the military has created what the author calls "garrison-ghettos." The soldier who would "escape" the reality of these ghettos by immersing himself in the art and science of soldiery will find the service little impressed with his pursuit of excellence. A commanding officer is less likely to chew out a man for a low score on the rifle range than to ask, in his best "command voice": "When was the last time you had a haircut, trooper?" If there were some evidence that short-hairs fight better than long-hairs, the military might have a case; but no such evidence exists.

The most interesting chapter concerns the "yobo culture." *Yobo* is a Korean word that freely translated means "honey," a euphemism for "prostitute." The American military certainly did not invent camp followers, and there is probably little that can be done to eliminate them short of eliminating the camps themselves; it is an inevitable consequence of basing GIs in Asian outposts. The barracks are crowded and spartan; leisure activities on base are few. For $100 to $150 a month, a man can set up a yobo in a small apartment in a village near his base and enjoy her services as surrogate wife and lover for the rest of his tour of duty. The US military encourages the yobo culture because confining a serviceman to one woman reduces the considerable problem of venereal disease. Base authorities even negotiate with the local "businesswomen's society" to ensure there is no racial discrimination in public assignations. The Korean government likes the system because it brings American dollars into the economy. The only losers are the thousands of service marriages that break up each year thanks to an overseas assignment aggravated by a yobo.

Loory is a capable reporter, and he has diagnosed the condition of the military with considerable insight. The cures he suggests in the final chapter, however, strike me as ill-advised and palliative. "Reform must start with the removal of the men who run the military machine from the political process and the restoration of true military professionalism," he writes. While I could not agree more with this statement, I find his suggested remedy makes no sense. He would replace the joint chiefs of staff with a somewhat similar joint general staff that would be more responsive to civilian control. He does not explain how his system would be any different from the one that now exists.

The author also advocates the "draft should be reinstituted and broadened into a program of universal service for all the nation's youth—women as well as men." What will the nation do with four or five million 19-year-olds pressed into universal service? The military's needs would be satisfied with less than a tenth of them. Where would the rest be used? Put them in hospitals and government service occupations and you eliminate millions of jobs now held by blue-collar workers. If military experience is any guide, the cost of universal service might well be on the order of $50 billion a year—enough to finance a complete health care system for all Americans. Loory gives no indication he has thought about such practical matters in his call for universal service.

Those objections notwithstanding, I find Loory's picture of the military accurate. He has retained empathy for the people in the armed forces, he has been an honest observer in documenting the institution's considerable shortcomings; those within and without the military who would repair the damage wreaked by Vietnam would do well to read this book.

Peter J. Ognibene

Types of Action

The Politics of Nonviolent Action by Gene Sharp

(Porter Sargent; $24.95)

"At a time when trends in politics, technology, social control, social organizations, and violence are moving . . . toward . . . capacity for super destruction . . . state control over individuals and institutions . . . computer aids toward regimentation . . . psychological and chemical control of people's behavior . . . an increased police capacity for political surveillance . . . centralized control of the economy by small elites . . . and genetic control of the future of mankind . . ." the nonviolent techniques of struggle may provide one of our last hopes for reversing these trends and affirming human dignity, creativity, justice and freedom. These words of Gene Sharp convey the urgency of this study for our time. The book is this, and an omnibus

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

STANLEY WEINTRAUB's *biography* Whistler *(Weybright) will be published early in January.* ELIZABETH MCALISTER *has published a history of antiwar activity, including the Harrisburg trial.* BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON *is the author of* Unlearning the Lie: Sexism in School *(Liveright).* WILLIAM STAFFORD *teaches at Lewis and Clark College, Oregon. His latest volume of poetry is* Someday, Maybe *(Harper & Row).* DANIEL HOFFMAN *is poetry consultant to the Library of Congress.*

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reference work as well.

Sharp begins by claiming that political power is in reality very fragile. It cannot exist without the support and cooperation of the people for whom it is employed. His analysis of power leads to the conclusion that political power must be confronted through extra-constitutional direct action because that power is incapable of restraining itself or of being restrained by institutional arrangements, negotiation or lobbying. Nonviolent action is based on the postulate that the disobedience and/or noncooperation of people can cause the disintegration of political power if it is carried on with sufficient numbers and for a long enough period of time.

In his second section Sharp examines 198 methods of nonviolent resistance—from public speeches and letter-writing to dual sovereignty and parallel governments—at the disposal of the nonviolent practitioner. He sees all of them as limited implementations of his thesis that governments depend on the cooperation of the people. Sharp discusses each type of action and illustrates its use through history. I think the peace movement's ignorance of this history and of the vast arsenal of weapons that those engaged in nonviolent conflict have utilized in the past, has been one factor in its inability to apply nonviolent techniques successfully. Movement people begin each conflict as though no one ever thought of nonviolence before and instead of creativity and spontaneity, there is only dull repetition of the same limited types of action.

In the final section Sharp explores the forces that operate in conflict situations, specifically the role of leadership, preparation, openness and secrecy, and the importance of strategy and tactics. His most important discussion is on the theme of self-reliance. Sharp identifies with the advice of Charles Parnell to the Irish peasants: "It's no use relying on the government . . . you must only rely on your own determination . . . help yourselves by standing together. . . ." Self-reliance and organization are essential to the strength of resistance groups. Sharp emphasizes the need for them to persist in nonviolence in spite of suffering and brutalities, to stand together, to become more nonviolent, to invest more of themselves in the struggle, to deepen nonviolent discipline.

Sharp's conviction is that nonviolent action offers a greater chance of success than does violent political action. He defines that success as having three levels: coercing the opponent to accede to the resister's demands, his accommodation to the position of the resister, and the conversion of the opponent to the resister's position. His reflections on what constitutes success and failure in nonviolent action touches a growing conviction of my own that in real nonviolence there is no such thing as winner or loser, only new possibilities for all to deepen their sense of the truth. One of the "successes" in the practice of nonviolence is that the practitioners come to an intensified realization of their own power as people. Their experience contributes to a redistribution of power.

The Politics of Nonviolent Action is an extraordinary reference work for people who want to know how to resist the inhumanity of this society. But two things militate against the sale of the book. First, the cost will make it impossible for many who would most want to use the book to buy it. It will not help to explain to them that $25 is the cost of the 15 years that went into its preparation. The second is the prevalence of anti-intellectualism in the peace movement in this country; I fear that people who most need the information in this book will dismiss it as too academic. But as I read it, it is not just for academics and scholars; it has as much to say to street people, those in the immediate arenas of conflict today. They need the vital dialogue with roots, principles and history that this book provides. The anti-intellectualism of the movement and the absence of this dialogue explain why so much effort has gone into increasing the efficiency of violent conflict, while no comparable effort for effective nonviolent action has been made.

Elizabeth McAlister

The Rodeo at Sisters, Oregon

When the loudspeaker stops we can hear
the mountains not saying anything.

Indians make the best cowboys.

The nails in this grandstand
are better than the boards.

One of the riders puts his brand
on a Cadillac.

The meanest horses ride the best trailers.

In this country, no swagger, but sometimes
you look it when you almost fall.

About the time a rope gets to feeling good
it breaks.

One of the broncs is champion here, but
the prizes go to riders.

Some of the judges can ride
but they don't need that kind of money.

Prize money is hard to keep—most
dollars hurry right back to Las Vegas.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

Correspondence

Campaign Financing

Sirs:

Walter Pincus ("Campaign Financing," *TNR*, Oct. 27, 1973) feels we should give the 1971 Federal Election Campaign Act (S382) a chance before leaping into public financing of campaigns. "For the congressional elections of 1974, at least, it is worth finding out how the current law, the Watergate affair and public oversight work to cleanse the system," he argues. I disagree. . . . Why should we adopt a wait-and-see attitude, especially when the time is ripe for reform?

Mr. Pincus' faith in the 1971 law rests on its strict disclosure requirements. S382 does have stricter disclosure requirements than the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, but it also contains many loopholes. Specifically the law does not prohibit laundering funds, or earmarking of funds given to the various congressional campaign committees (a practice used to avoid disclosure of

COMING

Tom Driver on Paul Tillich

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where the money eventually goes). More serious, perhaps, the law has nothing to say about cash contributions. There is no requirement that a candidate have a central campaign committee to file all reports, and the enforcement machinery of the law is totally inadequate.

The 1971 law may have given the public "its first good look at the costs of a presidential campaign," but it can also take some of the blame for the "notorious campaign of 1972." The Senate Committee on Rules and Administration in its report on S372 (the bill amending the 1971 law which passed the Senate this summer and is now before the House) stated: "In 1971, when the Committee was considering S382, the predecessor to the present bill, it was generally agreed that limitations upon contributions could be abolished in favor of full and accurate disclosure. Subsequent developments during 1972 have revealed, however, that some donors looked upon the repeal as a license to pour hundreds of thousands of dollars, indeed millions of dollars, into the campaigns of selected candidates."

Not surprisingly the Senate bill, S372, reestablishes limits on contributions (and expenditures). This bill also strengthens the 1971 act by prohibiting cash contributions over $50, requiring that each candidate set up a central campaign committee to file all reports, and establishing a bipartisan federal elections commission to receive reports from candidates and enforce the law. S372 is an improvement on the 1971 law. But consider for a moment what might happen if it became law and then was strictly enforced. Because of the low limits on the size of contributions set in this bill candidates, especially nonincumbents, might be unable to raise enough money to get their message across to the voter. If limitations are a good idea, and the 1972 experience indicates they are, some sort of public subsidy combined with them makes sense.

Unfortunately in his discussion of public funding Mr. Pincus focuses on the drawbacks of a full public subsidy and does not consider the possibility of combining public and private financing. I agree with him that a full public subsidy would have a disastrous impact on our political system. . . . What I do not understand is his failure to consider some of the bills now before Congress which combine a public subsidy with private financing and thus avoid these problems. The Anderson-Udall bill (the Clean Elections Act of 1973) is among the most promising of these. This provides that the first $50 of a contribution to a candidate or a party would be matched equally by the federal Treasury. Contributions could be as high as (but no higher than) $1000 for a senatorial or congressional campaign and $2500 for a presidential campaign, but only the first $50 would be matched. Because contributors determine where the funds go, there would be no undesirable side effects on our two-party system. Frivolous candidacies are unlikely—the Anderson-Udall proposals hardly qualify as a handout. And public involvement and broad-based funding are encouraged. The Anderson-Udall bill incorporates many of the best features of S372, increases the existing tax credit, and provides for voters' time, *i.e.* federally subsidized TV time.

The bill does have weaknesses. *The New York Times* suggested that each $50 contribution be doubled or tripled. If the bill were strengthened as the *Times* suggests, it would go a long way toward improving our method of financing campaigns.

Julie W. St. Onge
Stamford, Conn.

In reply:

Before going to any form of public subsidy in the congressional elections, I believe it would be prudent to see how the 1971 Election Reform Act operates in 1974 with, hopefully, the recently passed Senate amendments. Only with that experience can we know whether further steps such as public financing on a matching basis would be useful or needed. Ironically, while many persons interested in campaign reform are pressing the Senate to move on to public financing, the House Administration Committee chairman, Wayne Hays, seems to be digging in his heels to prevent action on those needed Senate-passed amendments.

Walter Pincus

Minorities & Education

Sirs:

Larry Van Dyne, assistant editor of *The Chronicle of Higher Education* in his article on Carnegie's Report on Higher Education (*TNR*, Oct. 20, 1973) lists among the *causes* of the decline of academic standards in higher education "more women and blacks on the faculties." May I, as an old elitist, aghast at the decline myself, protest? What does the presence of these two sinister groups of people, women and blacks, have to do with it? Does Mr. Van Dyne suppose that they are there on sufferance only, forced in by unfair quotas—but, of course, innately inferior? And in such small numbers too. As he admits, "Fair representation will be a slow process, the commission says, and may not even be reached by the year 2000." What a relief! A few more years to stave off the inevitable mediocrity and "intellectual decline" which fair representation of women and blacks will entail, since even now their belated arrival on the scene is seen as ominous and harmful to excellence.

Jean Leighton
Bemidji, Minn.

Energy Crisis Data

Sirs:

I want to commend James Ridgeway for his perceptive article, "Taking an Inventory—Oil and Gas," in *The New Republic* of August 18 & 25, 1973. He is correct in identifying the importance of fuel reserve and resource data as the basis for public decision and policymaking, and in observing that the federal government does not have the detailed knowledge of the extent of our mineral fuels resources, especially on the public domain, needed to resolve the many questions arising in the face of the "energy crisis." Unfortunately however, several of Mr. Ridgeway's points in reference to the Geological Survey's capabilities and accomplishments in evaluating reserves and resources of oil and gas on the Outer Continental Shelf and coal on public domain lands are either misleading or in error.

Pre-lease exploration on Outer Continental Shelf lands is largely conducted by private industry under the supervision of the Geological Survey. Contrary to Mr. Ridgeway's statement, permittees are required to submit the results of bottom sampling and core tests. It is true that they are not required to furnish the results of detailed geophysical surveys but this long established policy is currently under review by the department.

All lessee information, geophysical as well as geological, is available to the

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Geological Survey after the lands are leased and prior to development drilling. The Geological Survey routinely purchases additional detailed geophysical information, where necessary, to evaluate the resource potential of Outer Continental Shelf lands.

The Geological Survey's Conservation Division, which includes geological, geophysical and engineering cababilities for purposes of resource evaluation and lease management, is required to protect proprietary data whether purchased or submitted under regulations. These data are, and have been, available to the Bureau of Land Management and other geologists of the Geological Survey on a "need to know basis" and with the provision that their proprietary nature be protected. There is no attempt to "hide" data in the sense Mr. Ridgeway implies—only to obey the law. Similarly there is no unwillingness on our part to make reserve estimates—only a lack of sufficient manpower to prepare them. I am pleased to report, incidentally, that our capability for making such estimates for the OCS has been gradually expanding in recent years and we have at least been able to get the task underway. Contrary to Ridgeway's statement geological data are likewise reported to the Geological Survey on all leases, including coal leases on public lands, and are available for analysis within the government with these same proprietary restrictions.

I concur wholeheartedly with Ridgeway's basic premise that much more needs to be done in acquiring and analyzing basic resource data with respect to our mineral and fuel resources, and have been stating this in speeches and papers for several years. I also agree that unbiased summary evaluations of these data must be made available to the Congress and the public for use in resolving the many challenging questions posed by the current energy crisis. To the extent of our ability we have been doing this over the years through publication of resource data, and have been, I believe, the principal source of such information. New and better information is needed than we have been able to produce, but those interested in the subject may wish to see our recent Professional Paper 820—a 700-page volume presenting the most comprehensive assessment of United States mineral resources made to date.

V. E. McKelvey
Director
Geological Survey

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

pouncing with secret glee—we can feel it!—on the core of truth in old Harry.

And to crown the work there is Lee Marvin, as Hickey, the salesman-apostle. To put it simply: Marvin was born to play Hickey. He has perfect understanding of the man and perfect equipment to deal with it. Hickey's first three acts (the first two-thirds of the film) are all uphill for an actor, as the reformed heller tries to brush away the "pipe dreams" of his former drinking pals, to make them face reality the way he has done and share his peace of mind—all without becoming an evangelical drag. Marvin understands the bumps and sags, and he lifts it all adroitly with gesture, with vaudevillian's *esprit*, to present both the man who was and who is. Then comes the payoff, the great last act. Marvin is wonderful. I have seen James Barton, the first Hickey, and Jason Robards (along with others), and though they were both unforgettably good, Marvin goes past them—so powerfully that he makes the crux of the play clearer than I have ever found it before, on stage or page.

A chief critical dispute about *Iceman* has been whether or not Hickey was sane when he murdered his wife. It can be argued that he was insane, is insane all through the play, and that the play therefore is about the madness of the hope to escape from illusion. Marvin's performance is the ultimate critical comment on the matter. He makes it beautifully clear, in the way he plays the tremendous narrative of Hickey's life, that the man was sane; that Hickey had worked out agonizingly, through a Dostoyevskian rationale, the need to kill his adored wife, to protect her from the pain he had caused and would continue to cause her and also to protect himself from the pain of causing her pain.

In my testimony at the AFT hearing I hoped that, in time, the AFT might use its subscription audience as a base for filming works created directly for the screen. I still hope so. But if they never do any more than to preserve, in uneasy filmic form, acting of the quality that Marvin and March and Ryan give us here, the whole project will be justified.

Book Note. Coincident with this film comes the second and concluding volume of Louis Sheaffer's biography of the dramatist, *O'Neill: Son and Artist.* (Little, Brown; $15). The first volume, *O'Neill: Son and Playwright,* appeared in 1968. Sheaffer is not a distinguished stylist nor a spectacularly acute critic, still his gigantic labor—a total of almost 1300 pages—gives us the best O'Neill biography so far, full and fascinating. Without distortion, Sheaffer justifies the theme in his subtitles, which he also

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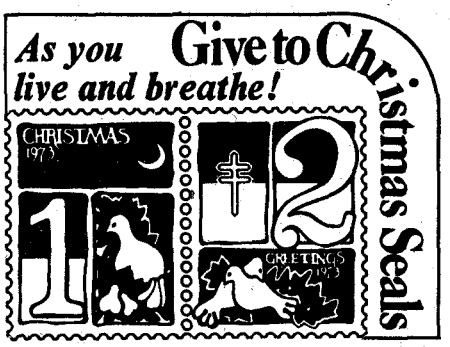
stated in the foreword to Volume One: "O'Neill defies any fathoming in depth . . . unless one comprehends his relations with his parents." To read Sheaffer's work and to see this new film is to perceive the uniqueness of O'Neill—a man who, through torment and will, through ponderous and sometimes ludicrous toil, finally *won* something that is usually granted, not achieved: genius.



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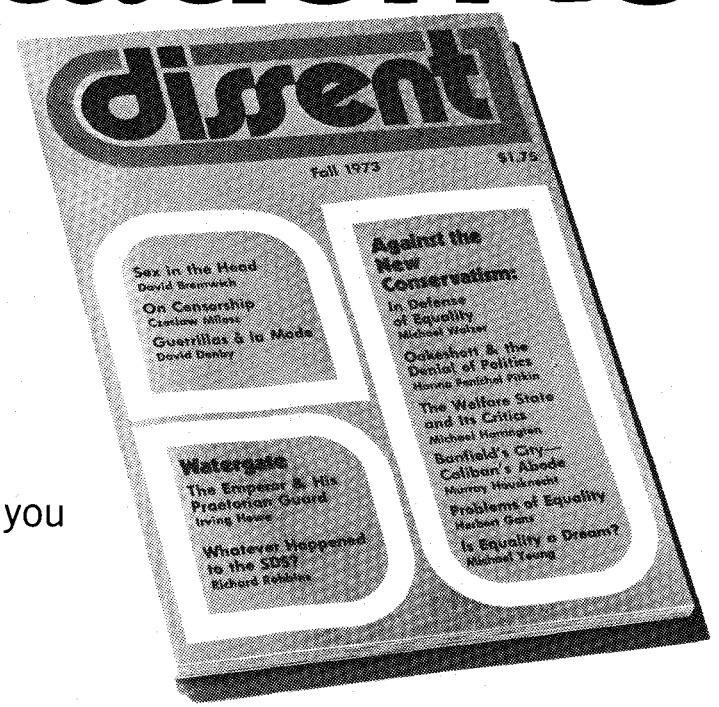

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